

OMEN 1V
(ARMAGEDDON)

SCREENPLAY by STANLEY MANN

BASED ON THE NOVEL
OMEN 1V ARMAGEDDON 2000

by
GORDON MCGILL

A HARVEY BERNHARD --MACE NEUFELD
PRODUCTION

FINAL FIRST DRAFT--FEB. 24. 1983

FADE IN:

THE EDGES OF THE SCREEN SEEM TO BE ON FIRE

The rectangle of flames crackles malevolently, and there is the distant sound of what could be either thunder or the muted sound of battle. The following words come up on the SCREEN:

'And when ye shall see Jerusalem
compassed with armies, then know
that the desolation thereof is nigh...
For these be the days of vengeance, that
all things which are written may be
fulfilled.'

Luke 21:20, 22

Thunder becomes prominent, and the crackling of gunfire becomes the patter of fierce rain, and the flames are doused, and smoke. The smoke obliterates the warning words. The sound of rain continues, and through the smoke appears--

A LONDON STREET--DAY

Glistening in the falling rain. The words LONDON, ENGLAND, come up, hold briefly, and are gone. A WOMAN in a trench coat appears, her head covered by a scarf. She hurries up to the door of one of the houses and presses a button. As the door is opened for her, CAMERA MOVES BACK AND TO ONE SIDE, and there, sheltered under the spreading dark leaves of a tree is a MAN, his coat collar up, the brim of his dark hat pulled down all around, his hands in his pockets. His expression is one of mingled nervousness and strange lusting.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY

The WOMAN sits on a wooden chair. Across from her sit A MAN and ANOTHER WOMAN. The MAN leafs through a magazine, the WOMAN beside

him rubs her eyeglasses with a piece of kleenex, her unshielded, half-blind eyes fixed expressionlessly on the trench-coated WOMAN on the chair. The RECEPTIONIST reacts to the buzz of her telephone, picks it up, listens. Hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

(pointing toward a door)

Miss Reynolds.

The WOMAN rises, and slowly, with the gait of a cripple, moves across the room and pushes open a door. The man stops turning the pages of his magazine, the woman stops rubbing her glasses. They watch. The WOMAN goes into--

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE--DAY

where a YOUNG DOCTOR, fresh-faced and smiling, looks up at her. The WOMAN frowns, blinks in confusion.

YOUNG DOCTOR

(gently, with charm)

Doctor Johnston has left the practice.
My name is Pierce. I hope you'll let me help you.

KATE REYNOLDS

Please.

YOUNG DOCTOR

Won't you sit down?

KATE REYNOLDS closes the door, sits by his desk. She presses her lower abdomen.

KATE REYNOLDS

It's a sharp, stabbing pain. A sort of bloated feeling.

She begins to cough, digs out a handkerchief from her

purse, coughs long and hard, spits, is flushed and embarrassed.

KATE REYNOLDS

I'm sorry...

YOUNG DOCTOR

Not at all.

He rises, crosses to her, leads her to a couch, begins slowly to examine her.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The man under the tree keeps his eyes on the window of the doctor's office; with one bony hand he wipes repeatedly at the moist, thin line of his mouth. The rain falls like wind-swept curtains.

IN THE RECEPTION ROOM

The man and the half-blind woman, who now wears her glasses, look unblinkingly at the receptionist who sits stone-still.

BACK WITH KATE REYNOLDS AND THE YOUNG DOCTOR

Leaning over his desk, writing a name and address on his prescription pad.

YOUNG DOCTOR

This is a colleague of mine. Off Harley Street. He's a specialist in these matters. I want you to see him. Soon.

THE WOMAN looks mutely at him for comfort.

YOUNG DOCTOR

I'm sure it's nothing for you to worry about.

The woman gets to her feet, winces in pain.

KATE REYNOLDS

Is there anything you can give...?

YOUNG DOCTOR

(sharply)

I'm sorry. I'd rather not recommend
painkillers at this stage.

He hands her the piece of paper, watches her open the door
and leave, and when she has closed the door, he quickly picks
up his phone.

YOUNG DOCTOR

Get me Chicago.

As he waits for his connection, he leans back in his swivel
chair and looks at the rain pelting on the window. His lips
form a small, enigmatic smile.

YOUNG DOCTOR

In the midst of death there is
life...

A VERY HIGH SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON A PORTION OF LONDON
Thunder rumbles, lightning spears down, it is nearing evening.
Rain lashes the city.

DISSOLVE AFTER DISSOLVE

bring us down to and through the city until we are--
OUTSIDE A PRIVATE CLINIC NEAR HARLEY STREET--EVENING

--and all the while we have been hearing, during the rumblings
of the thunder, the frightening, heart-rending cries of a woman
in great pain, distant cries at first, then nearing, louder
and louder until we are in--

THE OPERATING ROOM OF THE CLINIC--EVENING

Outside the room the thunder erupts time and again, and inside the woman, KATE REYNOLDS, lets out scream after scream, as she lies on an operating table, her feet tied into stirrups forcing her legs apart. TWO NURSES hold her arms. A SURGEON stands by her legs, watching the woman's body convulsing rhythmically. THE WOMAN pants and looks imploringly at one of the nurses.

KATE REYNOLDS

Help me...

FIRST NURSE

It won't be long.

But pain again brings a scream from THE WOMAN that almost chokes her, and the surgeon reaches for a scalpel.

SURGEON

I'm going to make a small incision.

It will help relieve the pressure.

As he bends towards her, KATE REYNOLDS cries out again, and the SECOND NURSE bends to cover her face with a pad.

SURGEON

No chloroform! She needs to be conscious.

The WOMAN'S body convulses.

SURGEON

It's coming. Hold her.

KATE REYNOLDS' back arches, she throws back her head to scream yet again, a howl of protest at the terrible thing that is happening to her--then it is gone! Out from inside her! And she flops onto the table, shuddering. Then is still in death. The surgeon hands something (Cont)

to the FIRST NURSE, gazes at the floor for a moment, as if in prayer, then moves to the door. He doesn't stop to wash his hands, but walks slowly out of the room into a corridor. The SECOND NURSE follows him to the door, watches him approach AN OLD COUPLE, who are sitting on a bench.

SURGEON

We did everything we could.

The OLD WOMAN sags against her husband.

SURGEON

The tumor was just too big.

The second nurse closes the door, turns, and takes the bundle from her colleague. She gazes at it. It is a boy. Automatically she curtsies, then turns as she AND WE! hear the slap of paws on the tiles. MUSIC, CHANTED SINGING, begin. A large, black dog, heavy-jawed, moves to her side. She lays the child in a black wicket crib with black sheets and black pillow case, and the dog bends over it. The child's eyes look up into those of the dog, then it reaches up for the animal, tiny fingers grasping at fur. There is a tremendous burst of thunder, and do we hear during it--the baby chuckling? The second nurse glances at the body of the dead woman, her face wrinkling in disgust. She motions for the pitiful body to be covered. But when she looks down at the baby, she smiles.

MARY LAMONT

(proudly)

Oh, see what we've delivered!

Now, from the darkness outside the pool of light illuminating the area of the operating table, step together the MAN WE SAW EARLIER under the tree, and the MAN and HALF-BLIND WOMAN from the reception room. Their faces are ablaze with a kind of

horrible joy. WITNESSES to the re-birth of their lord,
the Feast, the Soulless One.

INT. A SMALL DARK ROOM IN THE MONASTERY AT SUBIACO--
ITALY--NIGHT

The priest De CARLO sits up in his narrow bed, his body
damp with cold sweat, awakening from a nightmare. His eyes
are wide, his mouth is open in fear. His fingers tremble
as he crosses himself.

GO TO BLACK

AND ROLL TITLES AND CREDITS

Simple red lettering on the black, with chanting throughout.

TITLES AND CREDITS END

EXT. PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Dark and towering. Deep in the English countryside. The house
was built in the Seventeenth century. It is set in four
hundred acres of parkland; there are sixty-three rooms and
two wings. The chanting is joined by the sound of a cold and
rushing wind which whips the branches of the tall, dark trees,
rattles the bushes surrounding the manicured grounds. CAMERA
MOVES FORWARD, TILTS UP SLIGHTLY, AND FRAMES A GOTHIC, WINDOW-
LESS ADDITION TO THE HOUSE, which sits atop it forbiddingly.

OVER this, the words:

SIXTEEN YEARS LATER--1984

INT. THE HOUSE--THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE DOOR OF THIS
ADDITION--NIGHT

A dim light illuminates the corridor, but barely, and as
CAMERA MOVES toward the door, suddenly A DARK SHAPE rises
to its four legs. A DOG, enormous, heavy-jawed, its power
concentrated in its neck and shoulders. It shakes itself,

then crouches again, on guard. CAMERA GOES RIGHT UP TO IT, HOLDS ON THE BLACK DOOR, then--

INT. THE GOTHIC ADDITION--A CHAPEL--NIGHT
CIRCULAR, PAINTED BLACK, THE ROOF SUPPORTED BY SIX COLUMNS. IT IS WINDOWLESS, LIT BY A SINGLE BLACK CANDLE ON A PLINTH, THE FLAME FLICKERING WILDLY IN A WIND THAT SEEMS TO SURGE ABOUT THE ROOM FROM NO PARTICULAR SOURCE--AS THOUGH THE WIND IS THE CRUEL AND ICY BREATHING OF THE ROOM ITSELF! THE CHANTING HAS BECOME DEEP AND GUTTURAL, FRIGHTENING: AND WITHIN THAT SOUND, ANOTHER, A RASPING, SUBHUMAN INTAKE AND OUTLET OF TORTURED BREATH, EACH INHALATION AND EMISSION LIKE THAT OF A CREATURE AT THE POINT OF DEATH FROM ASPHYXIATION. THE WAVERING LIGHTS CREATES THE IMPRESSION THAT THE WALLS OF THE ROOM ARE PULSATING, LIKE THE FLESHY WALLS OF A BLACK AND GIANT LUNG.

THERE IS A LIFE-SIZE WOODEN EFFIGY OF CHRIST IN THE ROOM, NAILED FACE-ON TO A CROSS, THE CHEST PRESSED AGAINST THE UPRIGHT, THE LEGS WRAPPED AROUND IT, A NAIL PIERCING THE FEET, THE ARMS STRETCHED ALONG THE BEAM AND NAILED THROUGH THE BACKS OF THE HANDS.

AND SIX FEET FROM THE CROSS, HIDDEN IN SHADOW, SOMETHING STANDING TALL AND DARK--IT COULD BE A STATUE, IT COULD BE A MAN, WE CANNOT TELL, IN THIS WAVERING LIGHT. AND NOW WE SEE A BOY OF SEVENTEEN, WEARING A BLACK CASSOCK, KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE SHADOWY FIGURE, HIS HANDS OUTSTRETCHED AND GRIPPING ON TO SOMETHING: GRIPPING FIERCELY, HIS BODY CONVULSING AS THOUGH SOME ELECTRIC POWER IS FLOWING INTO HIM. THE BOY'S FACE IS NORMALLY PALE AND BEAUTIFUL, HIS MOUTH NORMALLY SWEET AND INNOCENT, HIS EYES LARGE AND APPEALING, BUT NOW HIS PALLOR IS DEATHLY WHITE, HIS EYES BLAZE, HIS MOUTH TWISTS AS HE PRAYS IN A BESEECHING, STRANGLED VOICE, WHICH CAN JUST BE HEARD THROUGH THE CHANTING AND THE ROOM'S TERRIBLE BREATHING--

THE BOY

Give me strength and let your
spirit abide in me. Give me strength...

AND AS HE REPEATS THE LITANY WITHOUT PAUSE, THE CAMERA
BACKS AWAY, AS THOUGH FRIGHTENED, AND--

EXT. THE HOUSE--NIGHT

Where the wind slowly dies down, the chanting fades
and at the end of the long, winding drive leading to the
front door of the house, AN ENGLISH TAXI appears. As it
approaches the house--

INT. THE DINING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

A large, beautiful room, made even more lovely by the
leaping flames in the giant fireplace. The boy sits at
the head of the table, eating. There is food on warmers
on a side table. He has changed into a powder-blue turtle-
neck sweater, faded blue jeans; his feet are without socks,
in white sneakers. We see now that he is tall and slender,
with delicate but strong hands. His face, not creased by
religious passion now, is marble-smooth, enchanting. He
lifts his head only slightly as there is the tinkle of the
front door bell distant, then faint footsteps, a door
opening, closing. He continues to eat, and he sips thirstily
from a glass of wine. Footsteps again, nearing, louder,
then GEORGE comes into the room. A dignified, elderly man,
tall and balding. His attitude to the boy is a kind of
intimate deference.

GEORGE

There's a woman to see you.

THE BOY

(pleasantly)

Yes, a woman?

GEORGE

She says...she was a midwife to
you.

THE BOY

(excited, interested)

She saw me born?

GEORGE

She says, she wants a last blessing
from you.

THE BOY

Then let her in!

George exits. The boy rises, wipes his sweet mouth
with a napkin, waits anxiously.

THE BOY

Saw me born....!

AN OLD WOMAN appears in the doorway. She sits hunched
in a wheelchair, a rug around her legs, a shawl over her
shoulders. Her hands are twisted, the fingers seemingly
glued together. The rug and the shawl are heavy, but they
cannot disguise her frailty. She touches a button on the
arm of the chair and it moves forward, the motor hissing,
the rubber tires squeaking. She stops at the table, her
eyes fixed on the boy's, reaches for two crutches fixed
to the chair, and slowly raises herself to her feet.
George moves to help her, but she shakes her head at
him.

MARY LAMONT

I'll manage.

Finally, she is fully upright, and stares with mixed
fear and joy at the boy, who looks back at her wonderingly.

MARY LAMONT

My name is Mary Lamont...as a nurse,
I was present at your birth.

THE BOY

Yes--!

MARY LAMONT

The very evening you were born, the
arthritis began in my hands. I have been
in pain ever since. I take drugs, but they
make me ill. When I dream, I believe that
God is punishing me.

THE BOY

(small frown)

Poor woman...

MARY LAMONT

I can no longer stand the pain, and
so I will shortly take my life. But before
I die, I wanted to see you. I wanted to see
what I helped bring into the world.

The boy spreads his arms, with charming vanity offers his
profile.

THE BOY

Are you pleased?

MARY LAMONT

Your beauty burns me! Will you give
me your blessing?

The boy at once lays his hands on her forehead.

THE BOY

There.

The old woman closes her eyes, shudders in ecstasy, then looks up at him again.

MARY LAMONT

I have always tried to serve. I helped at your birth, and I killed a baby for your father, on the day that the Son of God was reborn. I did my duty, and I always hoped that--

THE BOY

(struggling to keep down a fury that is suddenly building in him)
...you hoped what?

MARY LAMONT

I hoped that I might have been the one to eliminate the Christ child.

Now the boy steps back from her, losing control, his face tightening, as though another face, an evil face, is expanding inside it--

THE BOY

(icy)

But you weren't. None of you were!

Then he explodes, a malignant force erupting in him--

THE BOY (cont)

You failed him! You all failed him!
The Son of God still lives. Every day I am aware of his benign, stultifying influence. His power increases every hour. He is everywhere, waiting for me!
You failed my father, and you failed me!

The old woman sobs quietly, raising a twisted hand to wipe the tears flowing into the corners of her mouth.

THE BOY (cont)

(turning away, trembling)

Get out of my sight!

MARY LAMONT steps back and sinks into the wheelchair. The tears are running unchecked now.

MARY LAMONT

(softly)

Please forgive me.

THE BOY

(turning his back on her)

You failed him. May your spirit sink forever in the dead sea of sanctimony.

A sob breaks from the old woman, and George moves toward her--

THE BOY

Leave her. Let her go.

George stops, wanting to comfort the woman, but unable to resist the boy's power. Slowly, Mary Lamont turns the wheelchair, and trundles out of the room. For a moment we can HEAR the squeak of the tires, the sobbing--

GEORGE

Don't you think--

But the boy turns his back, grabs up his glass of wine. As George hurries out to let the old woman out of the house, the boy drains the wine, throws the glass into the fireplace.

CONTINUED

EXT. PEREFORD HOUSE--EARLY MORNING

Dark and cold. CAMERA PANS OVER THE wind-stirred trees and shrubbery, looks at the house.

INT. THE CHAPEL--EARLY MORNING

The boy kneels by the still-shadow-hidden upright figure six feet away from the effigy of Christ. The black candle's flame flickers in the room's evil wind, and the chanting and breathing are loud. The boy's face is creased in ferocious concentration, and his stretched lips move in some silent invocation. Through the SHOT come snatches of ANOTHER SCENE, and soon the boy and the chapel become wavering, pale images behind--

EXT. LONDON STREET--EARLY MORNING

where a light drizzle is falling; there is haze, everything is somewhat indistinct, ethereal. Over this we continue to hear the chapel's chanting and breathing, and this stays full and frightening as a TAXI draws up by a mailbox.

TAXI DRIVER

I'll post it for you, love.

But Mary Lamont is struggling out of the taxi on crutches.

TAXI DRIVER

Suit yourself then...

The old woman manages her way to the mailbox, holds out a letter, for a moment hesitant.

CONTINUED

INSERT THE LETTER

In an arthritic hand is scrawled: FATHER DE CARLO,
MONASTERY OF SAN BENEDETTO, SUBIACO. ITALY.

BACK TO MARY LAMONT

Determined--

MARY LAMONT

Forgive me, Father, for I have
sinned...

The old woman drops the letter in the mailbox, struggles
back to the taxi. As she hauls herself in--

MARY LAMONT

It's done...take the second on
the left, please.

The TAXI pulls away. The chanting and breathing grow
even louder, and for a moment the boy and the chapel are
seen more clearly again as ANOTHER SHOT wavers into prominence,
and holds--

EXT. RUINED CHURCH--ON ANOTHER HAZY STREET--MORNING
--and the chanting goes on, while again the old woman
levers herself out of the cab and stands on the pavement,
which trembles to the concussion of nearby jackhammers. She
looks at the battered sign reading: ST. LUKE'S; it is covered
with graffiti. A builder's sign with the word: DEMOLITION,
has been fixed to the steeple, and the churchyard is roped
off. For a moment the old woman seems to be changing her
mind, she will not go in. But the chanting grows louder;
she frowns, seems to be hearing it, hypnotised by it,
drawn forward. She struggles over the rope, makes her way
up the path to where the great oak door sags open on twisted
hinges. She steps inside.

INT. ST. LUKE'S--MORNING

Mary Lamont gazes up through the shattered roof, covering

her ears to muffle the sound of the demolition hammers. The whole place shudders. The pews have been torn out, only the altar and pulpit remain. Again she seems to reconsider, to wish to flee the desecrated place, but--

BEGIN INTERCUTTING--THE BOY IN THE CHAPEL, MARY LAMONT IN THE CHURCH

--his fierce invocation breaking the old woman's will. Slowly, drawn by the chanting which is like a coil around her brain, she stumbles up the nave, blinks and gazes into the serene, bearded face of Christ. She kneels, begins to pray. Then raises her face, recalling a psalm, singing, her voice becoming part of the chanting. The jackhammers pound, the statue sways, the face of Christ is obscured by a rising and thickening cloud of dust. She gets to her feet, touches her neck. Her eyes widen in amazement--and WE SEE her skin has become young and smooth. She sobs, but with joy. The boy grins savagely in the chapel, his eyes blazing, his hands clutching even more fiercely at the thing in front of him, through which streams his power, shaking his whole body.

MARY LAMONT

I am redeemed!

The wall behind her crumbles with the force of the hammers, and the statue rocks on the plinth. She draws herself erect, raises her arms toward it.

MARY LAMONT

Welcome me, Lord, into Thy Kingdom.

INTERCUT SHOTS OF THE FACE OF CHRIST, MARY LAMONT'S POV, WITH SHOTS OF THE BOY'S STRAINED FACE

as the statue in the church comes toppling toward her, and the pointed beard pierces her skull. Her last scream

is one of exultation.

CLOSE ON THE BOY IN THE CHAPEL

as he, too, lets out an exultant cry and falls forward in triumph and exhaustion.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT--DAY

Seeing the heavy traffic of the enormous airport.

INT. A PRIVATE LOUNGE IN A BUILDING OF THE AIRPORT--DAY

A YOUNG MAN, HARRIS, gazes at the runways, checks his watch. He dips into a pocket, looks at a set of figures typed on a piece of paper. He looks away, memorising. He is excited, but ~~apprehensive~~, too. Checks his watch again, and--the LOUDSPEAKER CHIMES.

FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER

Private Charter Thorn Corporation
from Chicago has just landed.

The young man draws breath.

CONTINUED

FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER

Passenger Buher will arrive in the terminal lounge momentarily. Thank you.

Harris shoots his cuffs, checks his tie, prepares himself to meet a legend. He gazes out, looking for the Thorn jet, and soon the lounge door opens and Buher steps in; a tall man, straight-backed, strong-featured, with tight, white, curly hair. He has just turned sixty-- indeed, this very day.

HARRIS

Mr. Buher, my name is Harris. Welcome to London.

BUHER

Thank you, Harris.

But the young man keeps staring, standing where he is. Buher kindly puts a hand on his arm, steers him to the door.

BUHER

Shall we--?

INT. BACK SEAT OF THORN LIMOUSINE--DAY

as it rushes east along the M-4. A UNIFORMED CHAFFEUR is at the wheel, closed off by a glass partition. Buher studies the sheet of notes Harris has given him.

BUHER

(not looking up)

Any word from the Libyans?

HARRIS

None, sir.

Buher sighs, settles back, handing papers to Harris.

BUHER

All right...we'll extend their
facility for three weeks, and raise the
interest rate a point and a half.

HARRIS

(blinks)

They might object, sir.

BUHER

They can object all they want. Wake
me when we get to the office.

He closes his eyes; Harris continues staring at him
in awe.

EXT. LONDON HEAD OFFICE OF THE THORN CORPORATION--
ESTABLISHING SHOT--DAY

An imposing building on the south bank of the Thames,
constructed in the shape of a T, the Thorn logo.

INT. BUHER'S OFFICE--THE THORN BUILDING--LONDON--
DAY

The office is huge, beautifully furnished. There is a
panoramic view of the city through the enormous plate
glass windows. Buher stands behind his desk, smiling.
There is a BIRTHDAY CAKE in front of him, and the office
is filled with Thorn Corporation EXECUTIVES, men and women,
and they are enthusiastically singing:

EXECUTIVES

Happy birthday to you, happy
birthday to you, happy birthday
dear Paul Buher, happy birthday to you...

Then there are cheers and applause, and champagne glasses
are lifted.

BUHER

Thank you, very kind, very unexpected...

COMPANY EXECUTIVE

May this year be as successful for
you as the last, sir--

BUHER

For all of us.

(with meaning)

And more successful, I hope...

Harris steps forward, over-eagerly raising a glass--

HARRIS

(flushed, a trifle tipsy)

Well, here's to the big six-oh!

Buher turns to him, eyes cold. Silence falls on the room.

HARRIS

(shaken, but still trying)

But not yet...three score and ten...

Buher turns to a man near him--

BUHER

(quietly, with a little
edge)

I think young Harris could use
some fresh air.

The man steps quickly to Harris, starts to escort him out
onto the balcony.

AN EXECUTIVE

(raising his glass)

To the man of genius who realised

(cont)

EXECUTIVE (cont)

almost thirty years ago that
food was the most important item on
the global shopping list!

ALL

Hear, hear!

ANOTHER EXECUTIVE

--who created the great phrase that
turned Thorn Industries into the largest
multi-national complex in the world: 'Our
profitable future lies in famine!'

BUHER

(uncomfortable, waving a
deprecating hand)

Now, now...

His intercom buzzes, and he flicks it--

BUHER

Yes?

SECRETARY (filter)

The American Ambassador and his wife
are here, Mr. Buher.

BUHER

Show them in!

He starts across the office, accepting handshakes, patting
shoulders, until he is at the door, smiling in welcome as
Philip and Margaret Brennan are shown in.

MARGARET

Happy birthday, Paul!

BRENNAN

Many more, Paul. I hope you don't mind
us dropping by like this--

BUHER

On the contrary!

PHILIP BRENNAN, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, is a tall man in his early forties, fresh-complexioned, elegant, with a still-boyish smile. Margaret is head-turningly beautiful, auburn-haired, almost as tall as her husband.

BUHER

(turning, gesturing at
Executives)

Forgive me if I don't introduce them all,
but these are the ladies and gentlemen
who keep our London wheels turning...

The executives wave at Brennan and his wife, some calling out: 'Mr. Ambassador,' and Brennan and his wife raise their hands in responsive greeting, then--

BRENNAN

We're on our way to the airport, but
we knew you were back--

MARGARET

We didn't want to miss you, at least
to say hello--

BRENNAN

--and congratulations. While you're
here, if there's anything my office can
do--

BUHER

Thank you, thank you. Airport--?

BRENNAN

Rome. The Peace Conference. I'm only
going as an observer.

BUHER

(with a shake of his head)
The Middle East, the eternal Middle East...
but perhaps there's some hope this time,
what do you think?

BRENNAN

(a shrug)
With so much at stake, one's got to keep
trying.

BUHER

I suppose so. Margaret, I've been
hearing rumours about your husband--

MARGARET

Tell me, I love rumours.

BUHER

Seems he's not content with just being
U.S. Ambassador...

(smiling at Brennan)
...he's thinking of entering the
political arena.

BRENNAN

(a small smile back)
...as a lightweight, perhaps.

BUHER

Oh, you'd be a heavier contender than
that.

(to Margaret)
Now, he knows I don't go in for
flattery--

(to Brennan again)
--but I agree with those who predict
a big career for you. You could go all

(cont)

BUHER (cont)
the way to the White House.

BRENNAN
Wouldn't even dream of it.

MARGARET
(as a whisper to be overheard,
to Buher)
I'll dream of it.

BUHER
Well, if it should happen, any
campaign needs funds, and Thorn Industries
is not short of funds.

BRENNAN
(with his boyish grin)
Part of your charm, Paul, is your
genius for understatement.

BUHER
If the good Lord sees fit to keep me
around until then--you've got my vote.
Let me get you both a drink!

EXT. THE OXFORD ROAD--EVENING

Buher's limousine speeds along.

INT. THE BACK SEAT--WITH BUHER

A small, color TELEVISION SET is on.

TV INTERVIEWER
...ever since the foundation of
the State of Israel in 1948, the Middle
East has been in a state of constant
turmoil, but never before has there been
such a permanent condition of crisis. The
recent bombings of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem
(Cont)

TV INTERVIEWER (cont)

have kept the inflamed countries in
that region, and indeed, the world, teetering
on the brink of catastrophe.

Buher lights a cigar, stares through the smoke.

TV INTERVIEWER

(turning to his guest)

Foreign Secretary Stevenson, you've been
instrumental during the past several days
in persuading the Israelis and an influential
group of Arab States to come together at the
table and hammer out a solution to this
seemingly endless problem...

STEVENSON

(high, angular patrician face,
an inability to pronounce his r's)
I shouldn't go so far as to say, 'hammer
out a solution--'

BUHER

(blowing smoke at the set)
...just say what you've been told,
'old boy.'

STEVENSON

--but I can optimistically predict
that when they come to Rome to meet,
they will be coming in an optimistic
frame of mind.

BUHER

(a wry smile)
Good, word perfect.

SHOTS OF THE LIMOUSINE

as it turns off the motorway toward the narrow country road that leads to Pereford. The driver eases the big machine around sharp bends, and along a road flanked with high hedges.

INT. THE CAR--WITH BUHER

Who seems tense. He sits forward slightly, as--

DRIVER

(voice crackling through
intercom)

Here we are, sir. Pereford House.

There are large wrought-iron gates by the lodge. The driver touches a switch on the dashboard, and the gates open. He drives through. BUHER takes a deep breath, stares out the window into the darkness, until, half a mile up the drive he can see--

BUHER'S POV--THE WEST WING OF THE GREAT MANSION

Dark and towering, a single light showing dimly behind heavy curtains in a ground floor room.

BACK TO BUHER

Sitting stiffly until the limousine crunches gravel, and stops. He looks out to see GEORGE, a dignified, elderly man, who acts as butler and tutor, standing by the open front door. The driver hurries around to Buher's door, opens it, and Buher steps out, holding a small case. Immediately, George comes forward, takes it.

GEORGE

Good evening, sir.

BUHER

George. How are you?

GEORGE

Better for seeing you, sir, as usual. And a happy birthday, sir.

He stands to one side of the door, as BUHER passes him into the house.

INT. PEREFORD HOUSE-NIGHT

GEORGE crosses the hallway, with Buher following. He opens a door.

GEORGE

I'll put away your case.

Buher steps past him into--

THE PEREFORD DRAWING ROOM--NIGHT

The room, like the rest of the house, is a masterpiece of understated extravagance. Buher sighs with relief at the familiar surroundings, permits himself a smile of sensual pleasure as he runs his fingers along the oak paneling, and strokes the heavy velvet drapes. He looks up at the portraits. ROBERT THORN; his brother, RICHARD; his son, DAMIEN. BUHER stares at the faces of Robert and Richard with little expression, perhaps frowning slightly in remembrance; but when he stands before DAMIEN'S portrait, his eyes fill first with awe and love, and then with sorrow. He has to wrench himself away, and goes to stand with his back to the furiously-burning log fire, warming his hands, regaining his composure, waiting. George looks in.

GEORGE

Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes.

BUHER

(nods, then)

How is our young pupil?

GEORGE

He's well, sir.

BUHER

Studying hard?

GEORGE

(a small smile)

Very, if sometimes reluctantly.

BUHER

(an answering smile)

Sounds normal enough.

GEORGE

Oh, absolutely. He's anxious to see you.

BUHER

Good, tell him I'm here.

GEORGE

He asked if you would go upstairs to him...

Now their smiles are fixed, and tension immediately grows in Buher.

BUHER

His room?

GEORGE

He might be there, sir, if not--

This suggestion of 'some place other' than the boy's room increases Buher's apprehension, he steps over to a table to the right of the fireplace, picks up a decanter--

BUHER

I'll go right up.

He pours himself a brandy, sips it as George leaves the room, then starts out himself, taking the drink with him.

INT. THE MAIN HALLWAY--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Buher crosses, begins climbing the curved staircase to the first landing.

INT. FIRST LANDING--NIGHT

Where Buher makes his way along a gallery to a darkened corridor leading to the west wing of the house. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY BESIDE HIM, and we see the tension building in him even more, a tension mixed, however, with desire, expectation. He sips his brandy again, fortifying himself, then stands outside the boy's bedroom. He takes a deep breath, then gently taps on the door, listens. There is no sound from within. He knocks again, then pushes the door open and steps into--

THE BOY'S BEDROOM --NIGHT

Dark. The shape of a narrow bed made just visible by pale moonlight coming through a tiny window. Buher reaches for the light switch, snaps it on. Nothing. There is no light bulb in the room. He takes a lighter from his pocket, flicks it. And now, in the flickering light of the little flame, we are able to make out that the walls of the room are maroon, and apart from the bed, the room is empty. Buher moves to it, holds up the lighter, and gazes at a collage of newspaper photographs, flanked by two large framed pictures. The one on the right is a portrait of DAMIEN THORN, just the head and shoulders. The other is a grave and a headstone. Buher peers at the words chiseled in granite, half-obsured by weeds:

KATHLEEN REYNOLDS

BELOVED DAUGHTER

The date of the woman's birth and death are covered by the weeds. Buher moves the lighter flame along the collage. Photographs, or small reproductions of paintings, all depicting the horrors mankind has been through. From the slaughter

of the early Christians, the long devastation of the Thirty Years War, the numberless deaths of the First World conflict, with the faces of the uncaring Marshals and Generals ~~superimposed~~ over them; up to the Second World War, Hitler, Mussolini, etc., and then the unbelievable tragedy of Hiroshima, the ugly bleeding of Vietnam. Splashed across the collage is ONE WORD, red-painted in a childish hand--

REHEARSALS!

Buher takes a good swallow of brandy, turns, leaves the room, not happy at the realisation of where he must go now.

INT. A SECOND CORRIDOR DEEPER INTO THE WEST WING--NIGHT

Buher walks purposefully along, his heart pounding, then suddenly stops, sees ahead--

THE DOG--BUHER'S POV

Near the end of the corridor. Yellow eyes gaze out from under its heavy brow.

BUHER AND THE DOG

He approaches it slowly. It raises its great head, slowly gets to its feet. It pads forward. It stops and looks at Buher, the head level with his stomach. For a moment, man and dog stare at each other, the dog sniffing, confirming the scent. Then it grunts and moves to one side, a sentry giving permission to pass. Buher takes silent, slow steps past it to the black door. Here he stands tensely, his mouth dry, heart pounding, afraid of what is in the room. He raises his hand to knock, then changes his mind, takes a deep breath, straightens himself, pushes the door open.

INT. THE CHAPEL--BUHER'S POV

AGAIN THE BOY IS AT PRAYER IN THE TERRIFYING ROOM, AGAIN HOLDING ON TO SOMETHING WHICH SENDS POWER INTO HIM, LIKE AN INFUSION OF STRANGE BLACK BLOOD. BUHER SHIVERS IN THE ROOM'S

COLD.

THE BOY

...let your spirit abide in me...

BUHER STARES AT HIM, SHUDDERING, UNABLE TO STAND THE CHAPEL'S AWFUL POWER MUCH LONGER. HE MAKES A REVERSE SIGN OF THE CROSS, AND BACKS OUT OF THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR. THE GUTTURAL CHANTING CONTINUES, THE BOY REPEATS AND REPEATS THE LITANY.

IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE ROOM

where there is silence. Warmth. And the dog watches Buher hurry away, listening until the carpet-muted sound of his footsteps dies away. Then it lies down, on guard once more, ears back, as though it can hear the sounds behind the closed chapel door.

INT. THE DINING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Buher and George are sitting at the table. George is leaning across to fill Buher's wine glass, which Buher takes at once and sips gratefully. The boy comes in; he now wears a lemon-yellow shirt, open at the neck, brown corduroy trousers, sandals. He carries A SMALL, GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE.

THE BOY

(utterly charming)

I thought I'd see you upstairs,
Paul. I'm sorry if I've kept you
waiting.

BUHER

Not at all. I...went up, you were
occupied...

The boy crosses to Buher, extending his hand. Buher half-rises to take it. George at once gets up, begins to fill plate

THE BOY

(frowning compassionately)

You look tired, Paul. You must take better care of yourself.

BUHER

I'm fine, it's nothing, nothing but old age.

THE BOY

(giving him package)

For you. Happy birthday.

BUHER

Why, thank you, that's very thoughtful.

The boy sits. George brings plates for Buher and the boy, goes back for his own. Buher begins unwrapping the gift.

THE BOY

I've been listening to the news--

(smiles at George)

He makes me listen religiously, three times a day.

(then, mild frown)

There's trouble, isn't there?

CONTINUED

BUHER

(without concern)

The British have organised their own little Camp David in Rome, but we're more than well-represented there.

George sits now, begins to eat, looking a little reprimandingly at the boy, who is eating too quickly, carelessly.

THE BOY

Didn't I hear that Simon's run into trouble with the Knesset--?

BUHER

We've taken care of it.

THE BOY

And the Syrians are thinking of replacing Kalil--?

BUHER

Not any longer.

He holds up a small, round, ceramic medallion, with the raised profile of a man on it.

BUHER

(pleased, moved)

Damien...

THE BOY

Yes, my father. I made it myself.

BUHER

It's beautiful, thank you, I shall wear it always.

THE BOY

You're welcome. But how did you 'take care' of the Israelis and the Syrians--?

BUHER

Money. That simple. It's money, or sex,
or the promise of power.

THE BOY

(uncomfortable under George's
stare)

What are you looking at?

GEORGE

(very gently)

There's...food on your chin. Just a
drop...

For a moment the boy's face changes, the sweetness disappears,
something heated and ugly and powerful, replaces it.

THE BOY

Would you ever have pointed that
out to my father?!

GEORGE

(delicately)

With Damien...there would never have
been need.

The boy looks at Buher sulkily.

THE BOY

Is it necessary for me to have
manners?

BUHER

Gently, gently...you do have manners.

(with a smile)

George is a perfectionist, I'm sure you've
noticed.

Suddenly the boy smiles, the sweetness and charm is back.
He wipes at his chin with a napkin.

THE BOY

There. Better?

(as Buher smiles and nods)

You know, it's a bit hard, being cooped
up in this house all the time. I mean, I've
been here ever since I was born!

BUHER

I know--

THE BOY

I've been a prisoner here all my life,
because Christ is out in the world, and
I'm not ready to confront him!

BUHER

Soon.

THE BOY

(ecstatic at the thought)

Oh, yes, please, let it be soon! Let me
be out of here and abroad in the world!

To this, Buher and George fervently raises their glasses in
a toast.

CONTINUED

EXT. GENERAL SHOT OF THE CITY OF ROME--DAY

Sprawled and beautiful in the morning sunlight.

EXT. A LARGE HOTEL IN ROME--DAY

With OFFICIAL LIMOUSINES pulling up, discharging gentlemen in suits, in military uniforms, burnooses; Arabs and Israelis, Englishmen and Americans, all intent and self-important, trooping warlike into the hotel for a conference of peace.

INT. DEBATING ROOM--THE HOTEL--DAY

FEATURING PHILIP BRENNAN, sitting with other observers. Beside him is JAMES RICHARD, a British journalist, tall and elegant, a carnation in his buttonhole. A distance away in the room is a circular table, and around it, facing each other, are MEMBERS OF THE PLO, ARAB STATES REPRESENTATIVES, and ISRAELI MILITARY AND CIVILIAN LEADERS. RUSSIANS sit

behind the Syrians and Lebanese. AMERICANS to the left of the Israelis. Conducting the meeting is STEVENSON, very pleased with himself, being in the limelight. SIMON leads the Israeli delegation; across from him, his burnoose framing his hawklike face, his pistol evident in an arm holster, is the Syrian leader, KALIL.

SIMON

I wish to know from my Syrian friend,
why he comes to this table to discuss
peace, and brings a pistol with him.

CONTINUED

KALIL

I would like my Israeli friend to know,
I am not here only as myself, but as a
symbol of a nation that is ready to defend
itself against any unprovoked aggression!

JAMES RICHARD leans over to Brennan.

JAMES RICHARD

(very BBC voice)

A sweet beginning, isn't it?

BRENNAN

(small smile)

Expected.

JAMES RICHARD

I'm afraid it'll all be a bit
like listening to old news bulletins.
Dinner this evening?

BRENNAN

I'll ask my wife if we've anything
on.

They lean back to listen.

INT. THE HOTEL FOYER--LATER MORNING.

Brennan is walking to the elevators, followed by some
reporters--

IST REPORTER

But do you think the Israelis and the
PLO can ever find a common ground?

BRENNAN

They'll have to, or eventually wipe each
other off the face of the earth--and probably
the rest of us with them.

SECOND REPORTER

Is it true the Libyans have exploded
a nuclear weapon underground?

BRENNAN

All I know about that, is what I've
read in the papers.

The door of an elevator opens, some people
come out, then Brennan steps into it with THREE
OTHER HOTEL GUESTS. Just as the doors are about to close,
A YOUNG MONK hurries through the departing reporters,
and gets in.

INT. THE ELEVATOR--DAY

Brennan stands at the back wall, the young monk moves
beside him. The elevator stops, two guests get off, the
doors close. It rises, stops again, the last other guest
leaves, the doors close once more. The elevator ascends.
Brennan feels the young monk staring at him, turns, smiles
and nods.

BROTHER FRANCIS

Mr. Brennan--?

BRENNAN

(mildly surprised)

Yes...

BROTHER FRANCIS

My name is Brother Francis.

BRENNAN

(politely)

How do you do.

BROTHER FRANCIS

Could I have a word with you,
Mr. Brennan?

The elevator doors open, Brennan steps out--

BRENNAN

(tiniest frown)

Are you from a religious paper,
Brother Francis?

Brother Francis hurries out after him.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR--ROME--DAY

As Brennan walks along to the door of his room, Brother Francis steps quickly to keep up with him.

BROTHER FRANCIS

I'm from the Monastery of San
Benedetto, in Subiaco.

Brennan stops at his door.

BRENNAN

Well--

BROTHER FRANCIS

Please, I must talk to you.

Brennan hesitates a moment, looks into the young and innocent face of the monk. He opens the door.

BRENNAN

I haven't much time.

He goes into his room. Brother Francis hurriedly goes in after him.

INT. BRENNAN'S HOTEL ROOM--ROME--DAY

Brennan stops to close the door, while Brother Francis stands nervously. Brennan crosses the room to pick up some messages on his desk.

BRENNAN

What can I do for you?

BROTHER FRANCIS

How long are you in Rome, Mr. Brennan?

Brennan smiles at a message.

INSERT MESSAGE

It reads: 'AM CHALLENGING ROMAN TRAFFIC, WILL COME BACK
MUCH EDUCATED IN ART. I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU--YOUR WIFE.'

BRENNAN (Over)

I'm leaving tomorrow.

BACK TO BRENNAN AND BROTHER FRANCIS

BROTHER FRANCIS

Then come to see him today!

BRENNAN

(frowns)

See whom?

BROTHER FRANCIS

Have you ever heard of Father De
Carlo?

Brennan thinks, does vaguely remember.

BRENNAN

De Carlo...there was a book once--

BROTHER FRANCIS

'The Days of Vengeance.'

BRENNAN

Yes...

BROTHER FRANCIS

Father De Carlo was the author.

BRENNAN

Of course. I'm an admirer.

(gentle smile)

Not a book to take on a holiday,
exactly...

BROTHER FRANCIS

Please come to see him.

BRENNAN

(slight frown)

...why?

BROTHER FRANCIS

He needs your help. If I say to you
that you must help him, because the
future of mankind depends on it, then you
will think I am being--what is the word?

BRENNAN

Melodramatic?

BROTHER FRANCIS

But when you hear it from his own
mouth--

BRENNAN

Tell me.

BROTHER FRANCIS

I am forbidden. He would have come to
you, but he is old and frail. I beg you,
an hour of your time!

BRENNAN

(a mild, negative shake of
the head)

I'm sorry, Brother Francis. I really
don't have --

BROTHER FRANCIS

(quickly)

Father De Carlo has read your book,
too. He is also an admirer--

BRENNAN

(with a smile)

Tell him I'm flattered, but--

The phone rings.

BRENNAN (cont)

Excuse me.

He steps to the phone, picks it up. Into phone--

BRENNAN

Yes?

MICHAEL DOOLAN (filter)

(booming)

Philip, is that you, lad?

BRENNAN

(thinking he recognises the
voice)

It can't be...

MICHAEL DOOLAN (filter)

Ah, but it is, and it's been a long
while, my friend.

BRENNAN

(big smile)

Michael Doolan!

EXT. LOYOLA COLLEGE--CHICAGO --AFTERNOON (CHICAGO TIME)
Establishing shot, students moving about.

MICHAEL DOOLAN (OVER)

(filter)

As big as life itself!

BRENNAN (OVER)

(filter)

Where are you?

INT. A SMALL ROOM IN THE COLLEGE--AFTERNOON.

A geologist's workroom, filled with shelves and files, and glass cases containing mineral rocks and stones of every kind. The desk is littered with chisels, small hammers, microscopes. In one corner of the room is a modern SCANNER: (DETECTOR) it has a broad, spoon-shaped base in which is set a dial and a little colour TV screen. DOOLAN is a massive fellow, sandy-haired, good-natured; he wears black trousers, a thick wool sweater, over the neck of which we can see A PRIEST'S COLLAR.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

I'm in Chicago, where else would I be? I'm not a famous man like you, gallivanting all over the world!

He reaches into a desk drawer for a half-filled pint of scotch.

INTERCUT BRENNAN AND DOOLAN

BRENNAN

It's good to hear from you, Mike.
What--

MICHAEL DOOLAN

I was looking at a photograph

(cont)

MICHAEL DOOLAN (cont)
of you and me just the other day.
(drinks)

There we were, in full football
regalia, arms raised in triumph on a
Saturday afternoon--

BRENNAN
Good days.

MICHAEL DOOLAN
The best! Now, Philip, I know you're
a busy little feller, but could you do
me a favour?

BRENNAN
Name it.

MICHAEL DOOLAN
It's not me myself, exactly, that
wants it. I'd like you to see somebody.

BRENNAN
(taking pen and paper)
In Italy?

MICHAEL DOOLAN
That's right, lad. An old friend of
mine, he was on to me just the other day.

BRENNAN
His name?

MICHAEL DOOLAN
Father De Carlo. He's a good man,
Philip, with a direct line to God, I'm
sure of it.

Brennan turns and looks at Brother Francis.

BRENNAN
(into phone)
Father De Carlo.

Brother Francis looks away innocently.

MICHAEL DOOLAN
(seriously now)
He says it's really important, Philip.
He's not a man who'd waste another man's
time.

BRENNAN
...what's it about?

MICHAEL DOOLAN
(another swig)
Now that I don't know. But there was
something in his voice, lad, something--
well, there's no other way to put it--
apocalyptic. Will you do it?

BRENNAN
(pause, then)
For you.

MICHAEL DOOLAN
Good lad! I'll tell you where to
find him--

BRENNAN
No need, Mike. I know where. Talk
to you soon.

He hangs up. INTERCUTTING STOPS. We remain with--

BRENNAN AND BROTHER FRANCIS

The young monk looks somewhat frightened. Brennan gives

him a small, tight smile.

BRENNAN

Well, Brother Francis, we seem to
know the same people.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO MONASTERY AT SUBIACO--DAY

Massive and dark clouds move slowly in the slate-gray sky. Wind stirs the branches of the few trees lining the road. Two vehicles come along; an old Jeep with Brother Francis behind the wheel, and a LIMOUSINE, with a chauffeur, and Brennan in back.

EXT. THE MONASTERY--DAY

The Jeep and the limousine arrive. The wind is high now, whipping Brother Francis' robes as he leads Brennan to the monastery door. O.S. we can hear MONKS' VOICES raised in some mysterious chanting.

INT. MONASTERY PASSAGE--DAY

Dark, damp, and narrow. Brother Francis walks quickly ahead of Brennan. They turn a corner into--

A LONG NARROW CORRIDOR

As they head toward a far door--

BROTHER FRANCIS

(stopping at a door)

Please don't be alarmed at how
he looks...he's very ill, and his
soul is in torment...

Brennan nods, already beginning to wish he hadn't come. Brother Francis opens the door, gestures for Brennan to precede him. Brennan goes into--

INT. FATHER DE CARLO'S ROOM--DAY

Lit only by the flickering flame of a candle. Brother Francis steps in behind Brennan, then crosses to the bed, on which De Carlo lies. An old man, the skin shrunk around his skull, his face pale and heavily lined.

BROTHER FRANCIS

Father, he is here.

De Carlo's eyes open, wise eyes, but filmed with pain.

FATHER DE CARLO

Leave us.

Brother Francis goes out, silently closing the door.

FATHER DE CARLO

Come closer, Mr. Brennan, please...
my eyes...

BRENNAN

(taking a step forward)

I'm sorry to find you so unwell.

FATHER DE CARLO

(with a shaky smile)

Perhaps I am...a mirror to the world. Please, sit.

Brennan sits on a little chair by the bed. Father De Carlo makes a great effort, leans down to the floor beside the bed, picks up A LEATHER POUCH. He pulls at the leather draw-strings, opens it. The pouch is filled with scrawled papers, torn-open envelopes with the letters still inside--and draws out a SECOND, SMALLER POUCH.

FATHER DE CARLO

Have you ever seen this, Mr. Brennan?

From the second pouch he removes A DAGGER. It glints in the light of the single candle flickering on the bed table. Brennan tenses slightly. The old man proffers it.

FATHER DE CARLO

Take it. Look at it.

Hesitantly, Brennan accepts the dagger, catches his breath as he gazes at it: a vicious weapon, the blade triangular, the hilt worked in the shape of a crucifix with a Christ figure wrapped around it.

BRENNAN

No....I've never seen it before.

FATHER DE CARLO

Do you know its significance?

BRENNAN

No. I'm afraid--

FATHER DE CARLO

It comes from the underground city (cont)

FATHER DE CARLO (cont)
near Jerusalem, the place once
known as Armageddon.

BRENNAN
(venturing)
...used for sacrifices?

FATHER DE CARLO
More important than that. Brother
Francis tells me you read a book of mine?

BRENNAN
Yes, I--
(then, with a gentle
smile)
--I was going to say, 'I enjoyed it,'
but that couldn't be the response
you'd hoped for.

FATHER DE CARLO
(with an answering, but weak
smile)
No. Warnings are seldom enjoyed, and
seldom heard...I read--

He reaches for a book near the candle, the effort causes
him to wince, but he picks it up, pulls himself into a
sitting position.

FATHER DE CARLO (cont)
--this.

On the cover of the book is a PHOTOGRAPH OF BRENNAN in
the SUIT OF AN ASTRONAUT, stepping out of a SPACE CAPSULE
to float down to the MOON'S surface below. The book's
title: 'ON THE SEVENTH DAY.'

FATHER DE CARLO

'And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.'

BRENNAN

'And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work...'

Father De Carlo thumbs open a page in the book, a paragraph of which is circled in ink.

FATHER DE CARLO

Please, read that to me.

Brennan hesitates, embarrassed.

FATHER DE CARLO

(handing him the book)

Please.

BRENNAN

(a pause, shrugs, reads)

'...I had gone to Church on Sunday when I was a boy, but only because I wouldn't be allowed to play baseball on Monday, if I didn't; and I grew up without feeling that out there, in the vast distances of space, there was any force other than the great natural force of gravity which held all things together. But on that journey I felt something else--'

FATHER DE CARLO

(urgently)

What, Mr. Brennan, what did you feel?

BRENNAN

(uncomfortable)

I thought I felt...

FATHER DE CARLO

God--?

BRENNAN

Yes. God.

FATHER DE CARLO

Do you still feel Him...?

BRENNAN

That was a long time ago, Father.

(tries a smile)

Now I feel--that then, I was just
feeling 'godlike' myself...

FATHER DE CARLO

(leaning forward, urgently)

It must be in you still, the true
knowledge, and that is why I have
asked you to come here. Because, also,
you have power as an American Ambassador--

BRENNAN

(more uncomfortable)

Very little. Father--

FATHER DE CARLO

I will tell you, I must tell you now...

I don't have much longer to live. Listen with
your heart, Mr. Brennan, your mind will try
to reject what I have to tell you.

BRENNAN

(nods)

I'm listening.

FATHER DE CARLO

When I was a novice, I was present at the dying confession of a priest called Spiletto. He had become a disciple of the devil--

He ignores Brennan's automatically-raised eyebrow.

FATHER DE CARLO (cont)

--and had officiated at a diabolical birth, a creature born of an abominable union of the devil with a jackal. It was secretly substituted for a child who had died at birth. The father, Robert Thorn, and his wife, called it--Damien.

Brennan is staring at De Carlo incredulously, his mind racing: the old man must be insane, he must get out of here! But he is somehow hypnotised by the intense passion of the priest.

FATHER DE CARLO (cont)

Damien Thorn. The child was a force of destruction...

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE MONASTERY--DAY

The sky is still covered with dark clouds. Rain is falling. Brennan, holding Father De Carlo's leather pouch, strides angrily to his car. Brother Francis runs after him.

BROTHER FRANCIS

Mr. Brennan--

Brennan turns, trembling. He manages to keep his voice low--

BRENNAN

He's sick, senile--

BROTHER FRANCIS

Please listen--

BRENNAN

The devil's come back to earth!
Armageddon is nigh! No. I've heard all
I can stand.

(forces pouch into Brother
Francis' hand)

He made me take this. Give it back to
him. And don't come near me again!

He throws himself into the back of his chauffeur-driven
limousine.

BROTHER FRANCIS

It is all true! The Beast is loose!
Help us!

Brennan drives away.

BROTHER FRANCIS

You must do God's will!

But the car has disappeared in the rain-lashed day.

INT. THE LIMO--RUSHING DOWN A ROAD DISTANT FROM THE
MONASTERY--DAY

Brennan sits furiously scowling, then slowly his
expression changes, he begins shaking his head, at
what he has heard, at himself for listening--then he
begins to laugh, relieving his tension, his embarrassment
with himself.

BRENNAN

'Take the dagger, my son, kill
the Desolate One!' Oh my God, my God...

He roars with laughter.

INT. BRENNAN'S HOTEL IN ROME--THE RESTAURANT--NIGHT

Dark, music, subdued voices, the clink of good silver and crystal. Brennan, Margaret, and James Richard (the London journalist) eat elegantly in the elegant room.

JAMES RICHARD

I looked for you this afternoon,
Philip, you missed some choice
altercations at the meeting. Simon
was in particularly good form--

BRENNAN

Yes, was he?

MARGARET

Where did you go, darling? I came back
from the galleries thirsting for a
dry martini--and no husband.

BRENNAN

(smiles, shakes his head
self-deprecatingly)
I was in a monastery.

JAMES RICHARD

A what?

MARGARET

What were you doing in a monastery...?

BRENNAN

(smiling)
I was lured there...by a young monk,
a slightly deranged young monk, but
not half so deranged as his superior.

MARGARET

How do you mean, lured?

BRENNAN

Hooked by flattery. This old fellow
Father De Carlo had read my book, my one
and only book, and wanted to see me. Well,
I saw him all right...

MARGARET

...what did he want?

BRENNAN

First of all he showed me a dagger--

JAMES RICHARD

But you're joking!

BRENNAN

(starting to feel less amused
about it)

...a triangular dagger with the figure
of Christ on the hilt.

Margaret stares at him, one hand slowly going to her
throat.

BRENNAN

I was supposed to take it...

(feeling hot, pulling at his
collar)

...use it...

JAMES RICHARD

(laughing)

On whom, for heaven's sake?!

BRENNAN

It's all nonsense...you see, the spawn
of the devil's supposedly alive and well
and living in England...

James Richard laughs his loud laugh.

MARGARET

I don't think it's funny at all...
it sounds...awful.

BRENNAN

Then there were stories. And letters
supposedly verifying them...obscene
stories.

JAMES RICHARD

Tell all! I can pass it on to the
National Enquirer!

MARGARET

You wouldn't!

JAMES RICHARD

Of course not, my love. Anything Philip
tells me in private is off the record.
Even devil's spawn!

They look silently a moment at Richard, who looks
flushed and choked. He gulps iced water thirstily.

MARGARET

I think we should change the subject.
How did the Israelis and the Arabs wind
up today?

JAMES RICHARD

Daggers drawn!

And he laughs again. Brennan manages a smile.

INT. BRENNAN'S HOTEL BEDROOM--NIGHT

He and Margaret are in bed. No lamp is on, but the room
is romantically lighted by moonlight streaming from the
Roman sky in through the uncurtained window.

MARGARET

What were the stories you heard
at the monastery...?

BRENNAN

(yawning)

Silly, and lewd.

MARGARET

(urgently)

Tell me one.

He looks at her, recognising the tone, the sexual
drive behind it. It both excites and upsets him.

MARGARET

Go on, tell me.

BRENNAN

Well, for instance, Father De Carlo told me
one of my predecessors, Damien Thorn,
made love with some English girl, from
the BEC...

MARGARET

And?

BRENNAN

And a few months later, after Thorn
died of a heart attack, probably induced
by the aforementioned activity, she
gave birth... but the baby was hardly your
normal, everyday child. It was the devil...

He expects her to either laugh or be disturbed, but for
a moment there is only silence, her thoughts are elsewhere.
Then she whispers--

MARGARET

Damien Thorn was the handsomest
man I've ever seen.

BRENNAN

You met him? I didn't know.

MARGARET

I just saw his picture. When I was a
schoolgirl, I had dreams about him.

Again silence.

MARGARET

What was the woman's name?

BRENNAN

Kate. Kate somebody.

MARGARET

(whispering)

Kate, Kathleen, Cathy, Katherine...

(her voice changes, becomes that
of an Englishwoman)

Kate. Call me Kate.

Brennan struggles against the outpouring of her sensuality,
but is overcome.

BRENNAN

(whispering)

What's your name?

MARGARET

Kate.

They begin to make love, and soon, amongst the images of
Margaret and Brennan, ANOTHER IMAGE intrudes, alternates:
IT IS OF MARGARET AND EUHER--in another bed! Euher is
stroking her hair, her face, her neck, his eyes piercing

into hers all the while, and then he rubs HIS THUMB strongly over her forehead, her eyes, and she takes the thumb, begins to run her tongue over it hungrily, and in the moisture THREE TINY NUMBERS APPEAR, little circles with little tails-- THREE SIXES! Then Buher takes his thumb from her lips, pushes away her hair just back of her right ear, and presses the thumb there with great strength, scorching her, and she gasps in pain and delight as the numbers sear her, make her his. Meanwhile, she and Brennan reach the peak of their passion--and fall back. And CAMERA MOVES PAST his profile to hold on Margaret's ecstatic face, her eyes absolutely glaring, staring into God-knows-what ungodly realm.

INT. REPORTERS' ROOM--LONDON NEWSPAPER--DAY

At one of the desks sits CAROL WYATT, twenty-two, a natural beauty, small and slender, with delicate features, large brown eyes, slim-legged. She is typing, lifts her eyes as she hears the unmistakable laugh of James Richard. With her we see RICHARD coming out of AN EXECUTIVE'S office.

JAMES RICHARD

I'm decidedly not joking, I think
it would make absolutely dazzling
copy.

He sees Carol, waggles fingers at her as he walks away.
At the same time, the EXECUTIVE comes to the office door--

BILL

Carol.

He gestures her to come in. She types a few more words, tears the sheet of paper from her machine, rises and crosses to the office.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE--DAY

He is back behind his desk, blowing on his glasses, rubbing them with his tie. Carol closes the door behind her.

CAROL

Yes, Bill.

BILL

It's summer.

CAROL

Correct.

BILL

Which means that we have to stockpile some features for the slow days.

CAROL

(knowing it's not true, but trying)

You're sending me to Rome to do wonderful articles on the Conference--

BILL

(smiles)

Not quite. I've just been talking to James Richard--

CAROL

I noticed--

BILL

He told me he had dinner in that very city with the American Ambassador, who told him a bizzare story about a monk and a dagger--

CAROL

A what and a what--?

BILL

You heard me. And it reminded me of something. Fifteen, twenty years ago.

A series of corpses, all involving nasty religious daggers. Our friends at Scotland Yard were baffled. Check it out from cuts, will you? I think they were called the Crucifixion Killings, something like that. About eight hundred words, we'll use it in the unsolved crime spot.

CAROL

But--

BILL

Do it. You'll love it.

And he spins around in his seat to check a page proof. Carol sighs mightily--

CAROL

Monks and daggers...

And she goes out of the office.

INT. FILE ROOM OF THE NEWSPAPER--DAY

CAROL is turning the pages of an enormous scrapbook.

She stops at the sight of a two-page spread pasted on two of its pages. It is headed:

A TRAGIC DYNASTY:

THE CURSE OF THE THORN FAMILY

There is a photograph of a dagger with Christ on the hilt. She frowns, chilled. She reads on.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD--EARLY AFTERNOON

Establishing Shot.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD MUSEUM--EARLY AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON A GLASS CASE, in which lie FIVE DAGGERS, labelled, five faces of Christ gazing up through the glass at--

CAROL AND A YOUNG SCOTLAND YARD PRESS OFFICER

They are looking down at the daggers.

PRESS OFFICER

(glancing at a file)

...the other three were found in another anonymous stiff in a chapel somewhere. Cornwall again. Apparently we were brought in to investigate, which is why they're all here.

CAROL

Do you think I could make copies of your files on all this?

PRESS OFFICER

Have to fill out some forms, but I don't see why not.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE--LONDON--DUSK

Carol sits at her desk, typing rapidly. Copies of the Police Files are near the typewriter--and photographs. One of them is of Pereford House. CAMERA LOOKS OVER Carol's shoulder to SEE what she is typing: '...THERE ARE FIVE DAGGERS, FIVE FIGURES OF CHRIST LOOK UP IN AGONY FROM THE HILTS THEY ARE CLUTCHING...'

EXT. THE ROAD LEADING TO PEREFORD--AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY

The sun is shining, larks are singing. Carol's little Morris Minor speeds along. She drives well, feeling fresh, alert, and happy.

EXT. ROAD LEADING UP TO PEREFORD HOUSE--AFTERNOON

Carol arrives at the wrought-iron gates, brakes to a halt. She thinks, makes a decision, reverses to the main road, turns and drives on.

FOLLOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE MORRIS MINOR

As CAROL drives along, climbing all the time. Finally, pulls the car onto the shoulder of the road, gets out, and begins to wander--

ACROSS A FIELD, TO THE BROW OF A HILL

--and there below her is the house. It is protected by a ten feet high wall. She starts down to it.

AT THE WALL

Carol gazes up at it, there are cracks in the brickwork. Again she hesitates, again decides, and barely audible, with a charming smile, rehearses:

CAROL

Oh, I am sorry...I thought it
was just a park wall...

She wedges one foot in a crack, reaches for a handhold, and hoists herself up.

INT. THE KITCHEN, PEREFORD HOUSE- . AFTERNOON

The boy is at a small table, about to bite into a sandwich. The dog lies by his feet. The buzzing of the alarm system startles them both. The boy reaches for the closed-circuit TV button, presses it, watches the young woman on the screen, sitting astride the wall. For a long moment she sits motionless, as if deciding something, then slithers down and drops neatly onto the grass. The boy tenses, the dog pads to a window, hackles raised, growling deep in its throat, its muzzle twitching, showing its teeth. The boy reaches forward and adjusts the television to close-up, gazing intently as the woman begins to move across the lawn, walking purposefully, as though she is on a country hike. The dog meanwhile has gone to the door, is scratching at it furiously.

INTERCUT CAROL AND THE BOY WATCHING HER IMAGE ON
THE SCREEN

She has crossed the outer limits of the estate now, and on the screen her face is blurred as she pushes her way through the shrubbery. A branch, snapping back, stings her face, and she stops. The boy can see the tears in her eyes, and her chin tremble as she puts a hand to her face. The boy frowns, feeling a strange emotion, his expression mellows, he puts out his hand as if he can brush the tears away through the glass of the screen, and comfort her. Then he sits back again, watching fascinated as she moves forward again. The dog is now at the boy, whimpering to be let out, but the boy grabs it by the hair on its neck, holds it. He plays with the focus, Carol is moving slowly, picking her feet up through the shrubbery, stepping high, like a dancer. Soon she will be within a couple of hundred yards of the house.

INTERCUTTING STOPS. WE ARE ON THE BOY

He jumps to his feet, runs out of kitchen, turning to disappear around the side of the house. The dog goes after him, snuffling at his heels.

WITH CAROL

She steps out of the shrubbery onto manicured grass. She reacts to the magnificence of the house. No sign of movement. She stops to touch her face where the branch hit her, rubs her eyes. When she opens them--they go wide!

THE BOY--CAROL'S POV

standing by the trees.

CAROL AND THE BOY

She catches her breath, her hand fluttering to her mouth like a schoolgirl's. The boy is quite the most beautiful creature she has ever seen.

CAROL

Hello...

The boy's frown disappears, he smiles so easily, so charmingly, that Carol can only smile in response, and without hesitation, walks up to him. He steps out of the tree line into her path. He seems appealingly shy and awkward as he strokes a hand through his long, thick hair.

THE BOY

Hello. Who are you?

CAROL

My name's Carol. Who are you?

THE BOY

(a shrug, spreads his hands)

I live here.

CAROL

But--isn't this a public park--?

THE BOY

Oh, no. It's my, well, my home. It's a private estate.

CAROL

I'm so sorry, I--

THE BOY

No, no, please, it's all right. Visitors welcome. Would you like to see the house?

CAROL

Thank you! Yes.

THE BOY

Well...just follow me.

He turns, she starts after him.

THE BOY

Did you come alone--?

CAROL

Yes.

They are staring across the lawn. As they reach the front door, Carol stops, staring into the eyes of the dog, which has come around the side of the building. It growls, hackles raised. The boy looks at reprimandingly, and the growling stops.

CAROL

(shives)

I've never seen such a--

THE BOY

It's a rottweiler. Once, they were used as drovers. And they hunt. They're terrifically fast over fifty yards, then they go--

He suddenly bends over, hangs limp, makes an exhausted sound through fluttering lips. Carol laughs.

THE BOY

(up straight again)

--but if they catch something in that time, a stag even...

CAROL

(wincing)

I hate blood sports.

THE BOY

Oh, you're right, there's no hunting here.

He steps aside, gestures her to go into the house.

INT. FRONT HALL--PEREFORD HOUSE--AFTERNOON

Carol stops in the center of the hall, gazes around

admiringly, looking up at the gallery, at masses of plants hanging from baskets.

CAROL

Isn't it beautiful! I mean, it's like standing in the middle of another century--

THE BOY

Oh, this is nothing, wait till you see--

GEORGE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Carol spins around, the boy looks, and CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE George, coming in from the living room.

BOY

(embarrassed)

She thought...we were open to the public. I mean, the grounds and--well, anyway, I was going to show her through the house--

GEORGE

(eyes fixed on the boy's, mildly reproving)

I'll do that for you, shall I?

(glance at his watch)

Time for your afternoon studies, isn't it? Upstairs?

For a moment the boy's eyes flash with rage, then he controls himself, smiles his wonderful smile.

THE BOY

(to Carol)

He's right. He'll show you.

And he turns, sprints up the stairs. The dog goes bounding up after him.

GEORGE

(with a gesture)

The drawing room is here.

Carol hesitates, then summons up a smile, walks ahead of George into the drawing room.

INT. DRAWING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--AFTERNOON

George stands to one side, his eyes never leaving Carol, as she tries to be calm under his fixed appraisal, walking slowly around the room. Outside, the sun is beginning to sink, the day, the room, are darkening.

GEORGE

(in the monotone of a guide)

This house was built in the seventeenth century. It's set in four hundred acres of parkland. There are sixty-three rooms and two wings...

Carol is now in front of Damien Thorn's portrait, and George stands no more than a foot away from her, he could reach out not even a full arm's length, and touch her...He watches her coolly as she registers Damien's handsome features, she feeling attracted and somehow suffocated at the same time.

GEORGE

An annex was built in 1930...

INT. THE CHAPEL--PEREFORD HOUSE--AFTERNOON

The chanting is loud, the 'breathing' of the room is hoarse, as the boy stands smiling savagely at the effigy of Christ.

THE BOY

Oh, yes, I understand now. You sent

(cont)

THE BOY (cont)

her to seduce me, just as you sent
my mother to my father. You're trying
to tempt me as you tempted him. But I
won't be weakened by counterfeit lust!

INT. THE DINING ROOM--AFTERNOON

With Carol and George. Now the chanting can be heard
on TRACK, and the breathing, as Carol walks slowly
around the long table, trying to be interested in the
heavy silverware, the priceless place settings, the heavy
candelabra--but all the while she is aware of George who
is oppressively near her. She is becoming more and more
uneasy, and as though the weather is being controlled by
the chanting, branches of a tree smack against a far window
in a newly-risen wind, and the sunlight is going.

GEORGE

The refectory table was in use in a
monastery in the fourteen century. Touch
the wood, years and years of polishing have
made it soft and smooth as sable...

CAROL

Oh, yes...it's--fantastic!

He approaches her, puts a hand on her arm. She stiffens.

GEORGE

Let me show you the conservatory...

BACK WITH THE BOY

He moves away from the effigy of Christ, around to
the figure that has been kept from our sight until now.
We still are looking at it from the side, the face is not
fully visible. It is the naked, embalmed body of a man.
Supported by a metal device. The boy runs his fingers
tenderly down the spine. Beneath the fifth vertebra is

a deep wound. The boy touches it gently with fluttering fingers.

THE BOY

And this is the result. My father
murdered!

BIG CLOSE SHOT--THE FACE OF THE EMBALMED MAN

The dead face of Damien Thorn, facing the tortured face
of Christ. Thorn's mouth is twisted in a sardonic grin,
his dead eyes seem alive in the flickering candlelight,
staring into the agonised face of the Christ figure.

THE BOY

Murdered by her, my mother!

INT. CONSERVATORY--AFTERNOON

A most beautiful room, tall windows looking out on the
grounds, where it is almost like night, with trees bending
in the rising wind. George is less than a foot from her now,
and her heart is beating, she wants out of this house!

GEORGE

Every great pianist, at one time or
another, has performed on that instrument...
Do you play? Would you care to--

CAROL

No, no, thank you, I don't--I really
must go--

And she starts out of the room, George keeping pace
beside her. The chanting is hypnotic, relentless.

WITH THE BOY IN THE CHAPEL

He has come away from the embalmed body, is picking up
a dagger from a stool--

THE BOY

Yes...this is what happened when my
father turned his back to her!

He leaps at the effigy of Christ, drives the dagger
into the spine, grunting with the effort.

INT. HALLWAY AND FRONT DOOR, PEREFORD HOUSE--AFTERNOON
Carol quickly moving to the door ahead of George--

CAROL

You've been very kind...but I have
to--

In her fright, she pulls at the door handle, forgetting
to turn it, panicking, pulling again.

GEORGE

Allow me.

Quietly stepping up beside her, placing his hand on
hers, together turning the handle. The door opens.

CAROL

(running out)

Thank you...

George watches her go, looking out onto--

THE DRIVE LEADING UP TO THE HOUSE

--seeing Carol almost falling as one of the heels of
her shoes catches and almost comes off. She takes off
both shoes, hands trembling, not looking back, then
goes across the drive, wincing on the sharp gravel. The
wind pulls at her, the darkness is almost complete. Now
George slowly closes the door. The chanting never stops.

WITH CAROL

padding across lawns to the shrubbery, beginning to run.

SEVERAL SHOTS OF CAROL'S FLIGHT FROM THE HOUSE

Pushing her way through the shrubbery, stumbling between bushes. She trips on roots, almost falls. She is no longer sure of her bearings. She runs on, branches lash her face, sting her eyes. She stops.

AHEAD THE SHRUBBERY IS THINNING OUT

Beyond will be the rough grass, and then the wall-- and her little car! She runs toward the tree line, pushes past more branches--and stops again. There is another shrubbery. She frowns, puzzled, thinking she must have run in a circle. The wind has grown stronger, branches flail the dark sky.

CAROL

Damn it!

She shivers, clutches herself, arms around her chest, running blind through the shrubs toward the open space. And now we SEE--

THE DOG--FIFTY YARDS BEHIND HER

stopping when she stops, then padding after her, moving slowly, conserving its energy. Through the shrubbery it gains on her, until by the time she has reached--

OPEN GROUND

--it is thirty yards behind her. Again it stops, sniffing the air, watching the woman run across the rough grass. Then it leaps forward, the great chest heaving, running at a gallop, gaining on her with every yard.

CAROL

hears the noise of the dog behind her, its heavy breathing, and turns as it leaps at her, hitting her with its massive head, butting her at waist level, knocking her to the ground. She has no time to scream. She tries to get to her feet, but the dog is upon her, the jaws

snapping shut on her ankle. Now she screams! Savage teeth tear at bone and gristle. Then the dog releases her, gazes at her briefly, then lumbers off into the night, lies in the grass a few yards from her, watches.

CLOSE ON CAROL

The scream dies in her throat as she presses her face into the grass, her fingers scratching at the earth, gripping at something as she fights the agony. She tries to struggle onto her good leg, but she cannot move. Slowly she crawls forward, biting her bottom lip so that it bleeds, trying to fight pain with pain.

THE BOY IS NOW BESIDE THE DOG. HE IS NAKED but CAMERA discreetly avoids his private parts. He and the dog watch the girl crawling. Soon her sobbing stops, the boy gets down on the ground, moves on all fours toward her. As he approaches, Carol moves again, raising her head a couple of inches, trying to look behind her. The boy stops. She crawls again, he moves faster, slithering like a snake. She turns, looks over her shoulder--into the eyes of the boy! She feels she is in a nightmare, deep fears have embraced her, almost shutting off the pain of her wound. She tries to smile, tries to speak, but she cannot make a sound. The boy's eyes seem narrow, with a yellow tint. He is leaning over her body now, and she whimpers, trying to understand what he is doing. Suddenly his teeth are on the back of her neck, nibbling, as ^{if} he is searching for something. She opens her mouth the scream--and the last thing she hears is his grunt of satisfaction as his jaw snaps on the cervical nerve. The SCREEN GOES BLACK. Complete silence.

FADE IN

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM--HILTON HOTEL--LONDON--EARLY EVENING.

The huge room is packed with men and women from the ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE ASSOCIATION. There are WAITERS, tables loaded with food and drink. Everyone wears a LABEL. Brennan is there, surrounded by THREE GENTLEMEN. All have drinks in their hands.

BRENNAN

...I have absolutely nothing against Trade Unions standing up for their rights, but the constant strikes in this country--

BROTHER FRANCIS (O.S.)

Mr. Brennan.

Brennan turns, CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE Brother Francis, who is moving forward. Brennan freezes. Brother Francis is in a dark suit, a suit a few sizes too small for him, and he has a lapel badge. He carries A PACKAGE.

BROTHER FRANCIS

May I have a moment, please?

BRENNAN

(to Conferrees)

Excuse me.

He steps to Brother Francis, keeping his voice calm, but his teeth are gritted. He takes the young monk's arm, steers him toward a relatively uncrowded corner of the room.

BRENNAN

How did you get in here...

BROTHER FRANCIS

A friend of the monastery gave me his badge...

(holding out package)

Father De Carlo insisted I come!

(cont)

BROTHER FRANCIS (cont)

He said I must give you this--

BRENNAN

I think I know what's in that, and
I don't want it!

BROTHER FRANCIS

He said to beg you to read the contents,
in Christ's name, and for the world's
sake! I had to deliver it!

BRENNAN

(snatching the package)

You've delivered, now get out of
here!

Brother Francis rushes away. Brennan lets out an explosive
breath of anger.

EXT. THE HILTON--EVENING

Brother Francis comes out. There are no FREE TAXIS,
and he looks around exasperatedly. A BLACK LIMOUSINE
pulls swiftly and silently up to him, and a back door
is opened. From inside the car comes a friendly
VOICE--

VOICE FROM LIMOUSINE

Brother Francis... we are friends,
let us help you.

Brother Francis hesitates, but the night is cold,
the voice hypnotic--

VOICE FROM LIMOUSINE

Get in, please.

The good brother looks inside--

AND THERE IS GEORGE

lit eerily by a tiny limousine light, and he is smiling a charming, smile, welcoming.

GEORGE

Do get in.

Brother Francis does so, unable really to do anything else, and the car door shuts.

THE CAR DRIVES AWAY

into the black, forbidding night.

INT. BRENNAN'S RESIDENCE--THE DEN--MORNING

Brennan sits on the sofa. He is reading a newspaper.

(cont)

There is a tray with orange juice and coffee on the table in front of him, and more newspapers. Brennan is in an open-necked shirt, trousers. He puts the paper down, sips juice, then picks up another. He scans the headlines: 'RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS LOCK HORNS IN ROME.' He sighs, shakes his head. He turns the pages, and his gaze falls on an article, an article by CAROL WYATT, featuring a PHOTOGRAPH: THE DAGGERS! The caption is: FIVE DAGGERS OF DEATH. Brennan stiffens, at once his eyes lift from the paper and focus on--

BRENNAN'S DESK

on which lies the package Brother Francis forced on him.

BACK TO BRENNAN

CAMERA HOLDS HIM IN VERY CLOSE SHOT as he reads the article. A long moment while he absorbs it. Then CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK as he rises, crosses to the desk, stares at the package. Suddenly, he turns, crosses to the den door, locks it, hurries back to the desk, and tears open the package. Father De Carlo's notes, the letters...He sits, puts on glasses, reads with some anger to begin with, then more and more intently.

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

...eventually Robert Thorn realised the truth. He went to Meggido and was given the daggers. But before he could destroy the child, he was killed himself...the daggers were sent to me, and with six of my brothers I travelled to England to destroy Damien Thorn...but it was Kate Reynolds who drove the dagger into Damien's back!

INT. BRENNAN'S JAGUAR--MORNING

As Brennan drives to the Embassy, his face pale, eyes

staring, as the VOICES continue in his mind--

KATE REYNOLD'S VOICE

'...I do not believe the 'growth' to be a tumour, and I am convinced the X-rays are not mine. Father De Carlo, the growth kicks!

Brennan snaps on the radio, finds music, turns it loud. But he cannot keep out--

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

...it was a false dawn. The apostates of the devil found the body. Their own doctor testified he had died of a heart attack, and he was supposedly buried in the family plot in Chicago...

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AMERICAN EMBASSY--DAY

Brennan sits behind his desk, working furiously on some papers, but--

MARY LAMONT'S VOICE

...I was a nurse in their hospital, and I saw Kate Reynolds give birth to Damien's son...years later I heard that Damien's body was taken from the mausoleum by his disciples, I don't know to where...

Brennan clutches his head to stop the voices, lets out a just-audible moan. Then--

BRENNAN'S SECRETARY (C.S.)

Mr. Brennan, are you all right?

Brennan looks up, CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE his secretary.

BRENNAN

Yes...sorry...

(tries a trembling smile)

...finishing off a conversation in my
mind...

The secretary puts papers on his desk--

BRENNAN'S SECRETARY

(flustered)

These need signing...

BRENNAN

Thank you.

She hurries out, closes the door. Brennan rises, pours
himself water, drinks, turns, stares at the phone.

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

'When ye shall see Jerusalem com-
passed with armies, then know that the
desolation thereof is nigh...'

Now Brennan cannot help himself, he thumbs an address
book, finds a number, dials the phone. Waits.

WOMAN'S VOICE (filter)

Good morning, Daily Chronicle...

BRENNAN

I--I'd like to speak to Carol Wyatt,
in your features department, I think.

WOMAN'S VOICE (filter)

(after a pause)

One moment...

Brennan opens his briefcase while he waits, pulls out
the small leather pouch, shakes out the dagger onto the
desk. Christ's agonised face looks up at him.

MAN'S VOICE (filter)

(from phone)

Hello...you're looking for Carol
Wyatt?

BRENNAN

Yes, is she--

MAN'S VOICE (filter)

Who is this?

BRENNAN

...a friend.

MAN'S VOICE (filter)

If you're a friend, you should know
Carol's been missing for two weeks. Who
is this? Hello?

But Brennan is hanging up, his hand is shaking.

EXT. LOYOLA COLLEGE--DUSK

CAMERA LOOKING INTO MICHAEL DOOLAN'S OFFICE WINDOW. A phone
can be heard ringing O.S. The room is dark.

INT. DOOLAN'S OFFICE--DUSK

as the door opens and light spills in from a hallway. The
phone on Doolan's desk continues to ring.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

(coming in)

Hold on, hold on.

Reaches desk, picks up phone, turning on a desk lamp at
the same time.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

Now, then, hello, who is it--?

INTERCUT BRENNAN IN HIS OFFICE, DOOLAN IN HIS

BRENNAN

Michael.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

Philip, lad! How are you?

(bringing out scotch)

I must have done something good
in God's eyes to have the pleasure of
talking to you twice in so short a
time.

He uncorks the bottle with his teeth.

BRENNAN

I need a favour now.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

Anything, you know that. Did you
see Father De Carlo, after all?

BRENNAN

(grim smile)

I saw him, Mike. And you were right,
he was in an apocalyptic mood.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

Tell me about it.

BRENNAN

Later. I want you to find out something
for me.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

(after a drink)

If it's in my power.

BRENNAN

I want to know if a certain body is
still in its grave.

MICHAEL DOOLAN

(pause, then)

Once more, lad?

BRENNAN

For the moment I can only tell you
who, not why. Will you do it for me?

DOOLAN

(his eyes going to the detector)

...throw the pass, my boy, I'm out
in the clear.

And he takes a quick swig at the bottle.

EXT. CHICAGO CEMETERY--NIGHT

Well-maintained, the last resting place of the Chicago
rich. Doolan comes through the darkness, carrying the
detector. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM among the grave-
stones to the THORN MAUSOLEUM; it stands by the lake, a
circular building of imported granite, sparkling in the
moonlight. DOOLAN is very nervous, looking around, expecting
to be apprehended at any moment. The double oak doors of
the mausoleum are closed, but they open to Doolan's
trembling touch, swinging back on oiled hinges to reveal
the vault. He takes a quick sip from a small flask, goes in.

INT. THE CHAPEL--PEREFORD HOUSE -DAY (ENGLISH TIME)

The door opens, and the boy comes in, the dog behind him.
He closes the door; quickly, nervously, approaches the
embalmed body. He has been summoned! He grasps Damien's
hands. He kneels, feeling the power of his father's evil

coursing through him. The chanting is strong, the candle's flame gutters in the 'wind-breath' of the room. The boy closes his eyes, his face tightens, his mind begins to fill with an image, and the image flows forward, and while the SHOT of the boy and chapel becomes ghost-like--

THE INTERIOR OF THE MAUSOLEUM VAULT ASSUMES PROMINENCE

and we are with Doolan as he looks around. The chanting is heard. There is nothing elaborate about the place. The room is circular, studded with plaques, and lit by a single flame flickering in an alcove. Doolan walks around the room, reading the plaques. He thumbs a tiny flashlight into life, focuses it on--

INSERT COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE

'To the memory of Robert and Katherine
Thorn. Buried together in New York City.
And to Richard and Ann Thorn. May their
souls rest in peace.'

BACK TO DOOLAN

He steps away from the plaque, turns and gazes at a large marble slab set in the center of the floor. It is engraved:

DAMIEN THORN

No date of birth, no epitaph. Doolan turns on the detector, it begins beeping, and the screen shows a mass of brown earth. He adjust the dial to five feet, and it comes into sharp focus, an x-ray picture of clay, smooth. He moves toward the slab, stands over the grave, his feet planted on the name of the deceased. Again he looks at the screen. The texture of the clay has changed. It is disturbed and pitted with pebbles.

He places the screen directly between his feet and turns the dial, selecting short-range focus. Five feet two inches. He sucks in breath as the mahogany lid of the coffin shows on the screen. Instinctively, with his free hand, he makes the sign of the cross, ready to look at the mass of beard and talons he expects to see. He touches the dial, looks. The screen shows rocks, a neat layer. He frowns, moves the dial: two inches up, more rocks. Down four inches, the floor of the coffin; up eight inches--and the screen goes blank. Then flashes two words at him: AIR VENT. He is surprised, quickly passes the scanner across the slab, and a couple of feet on either side--

DOOLAN

(mutters)

...empty.

He snaps the machine off, stares at the inscription, shakes his head and steps off the slab. A quick drink, then--

DOOLAN

Now that's...not right.

Buried is buried, lad, and you're supposed to stay that way...

WITH THE BOY IN THE CHAPEL

His face streaming with perspiration; the veins on his temples stand out like wires. ANOTHER IMAGE appears through this one--

INT. O'LUNNEY'S BAR--CHICAGO--NIGHT

Doolan is in one corner, a drink in one hand, telephone in the other. He's two sheets to the wind, slightly unsteady.

BRENNAN'S VOICE (FILTER)

Michael--?

DOOLAN

It's empty, lad. Clean as a whistle.

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AMERICAN EMBASSY--AFTERNOON
Brennan's fist tightens on the phone.

BRENNAN

You're sure?

DOOLAN (filter)

I'll admit I've had a few, old son,
but my detector's never touched a drop.
If he was there, he was there, but he's
not there now. Can you tell me--

BRENNAN

Not yet, Michael. Just between us.
I'll call you.

WITH DOOLAN

As he hears the click of the receiver, hangs up. He
finishes his drink, crosses to put the glass on the bar,
against which leans the detector.

DOOLAN

The nearest cabstand...

BARTENDER

Across the cemetery's the shortest
way.

(grins)

Shouldn't frighten a priest, should
it father?

Doolan manages a lopsided grin, picks up the detector.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES--NIGHT

Clouds scud across the moon, blown by a high wind. Doolan
pushes open the gates, stumbles along the path, holding the
detector across his chest. The chanting is heard.

THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING, INTERCUT THE BOY IN THE CHAPEL,
DOOLAN IN THE CEMETERY

And whenever we are on Doolan, the chanting informs us that the boy is 'present.'

DOOLAN GLANCES AT THE THORN MAUSOLEUM
imagines he sees movement, pinpricks of yellow. He turns toward the far gate, feeling ill from the drink, he belches. His feet scuff against a hedge. he stumbles against a gravestone, startles as the detector begins to whirr. On the gravestone is the inscription: JOHN AND MARTHA CARTWRIGHT, AT PEACE TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY. Doolan fumbles for the switch, but before he can find it, he looks at the screen--

INSERT--THE BONES OF JOHN AND MARTHA CARTWRIGHT

They lie with their bones intertwined. Maggots crawl between their ribs and flies buzz around their faces. The man is on top of the woman. Martha Cartwright leers over her husband's shoulder, up at Doolan, her tongue licking lasciviously around the gaping hole of her mouth!

BACK TO DOOLAN

The veneer of 'man-of-the-world' gone from him now. He's a man of God, a Priest, confronted with unbearable horrors. He screams, runs, crashes against gravestones--

DOOLAN

Sacrilege! Sacrilege!

--over and over. Shaking his head to rid it of the ugly sight, he doesn't see the OPEN GRAVE!

FROM THE GRAVE--LOOKING UP

as Doolan comes plummeting down. There's a crack like a gunshot. His face creases in terrible pain. He tries to move, cannot. CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON HIM, holds him in profile as he tries to move his head, but only his eyes move enough to glimpse his arm, the hand at a grotesque angle. He is paralysed. He closes his eyes,

murmurs a prayer. When he opens them and looks up--

DOOLAN'S POV--A SHAPE ABOVE AT THE GRAVESIDE

The head of a dog, a massive head, yellow eyes glinting down.

LOOKING DOWN FROM BESIDE THE GRAVE

The dog bends its snout into the mound of earth by the lip of the grave. Below, Doolan blinks as a shower of clay spatters onto his face, and a pebble stings his eyebrow.

DOOLAN

No!

LOOKING UP FROM BESIDE DOOLAN

As the dog above snuffles and scrabbles at the earth.

DOOLAN

Don't!

But a lump of clay hits him on the throat, silences him. Now a second dog appears, then a third! They scratch at the earth, pushing it back between their legs into the grave. A piece of flint smashes into Doolan's nose, blood spurts. His mouth opens in an involuntary scream, and fills with clay. He closes his eyes tightly, wincing as the earth spatters on his eyelids.

WITH THE THREE DOGS ABOVE

working furiously away at the earth, filling the grave.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE CHAPEL

The candle has burned completely away. The boy lies in exhausted sleep by his father's feet, the dog beside him. No chanting now.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CEMETERY--MORNING

A GRAVEDIGGER comes up to the clumsily-filled grave, frowning. He almost trips over the detector which lies

at an angle by the graveside, still beeping. He looks at the screen and lets out a shout as he sees the face of Michael Doolan, eyes and mouth tightly shut, filling it.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BRENNAN'S DEN--NIGHT

Brennan and Margaret sit side by side on the couch, watching the ten o'clock BBC News. There is hot chocolate and biscuits on the coffee table in front of them. Margaret has her legs curled up under her, visible beneath the split in her dressing gown. She is amorously leaning against her husband. He has one arm draped around her shoulders. The British Foreign Ambassador, Peter Stevenson, is being interviewed by Frank Lyons, political correspondent:

FRANK LYONS

Realistically, Mr. Secretary, considering the violent antagonisms which have erupted during the conference here in Rome, can one look forward to any ultimate happy conclusion?

STEVENSON

Frank, any conclusion which reduces the possibility of an actual outbreak of war, could certainly be called a happy one...

FRANK LYONS

Thank you, sir. This is Frank Lyons, your political correspondent in the Eternal City.

MARGARET

The more optimistic Stevenson gets, the unhappier I feel. Am I right?

BRENNAN

(small, grim smile)

You read him.

BBC ANNOUNCER

... a strange occurrence in Chicago,
where this morning a man was found buried
in a grave--that was not prepared for him.

On the Television we SEE POLICE, GRAVEDIGGERS, CEMETERY
OFFICIALS, REPORTERS, watching as MICHAEL DOOLAN is
dug up out of the grave. As TV CAMERA focuses on his
wounded face, Brennan takes his arm from around Margaret,
sits forward, astonished, becoming horrified--

BBC ANNOUNCER

Father Michael Doolan, of Loyola College,
geologist and lecturer at the university, was
discovered in the roughly-covered grave, into
which it is assumed he accidentally fell
sometime during the previous night.

MARGARET

(sitting forward)

My God...

Brennan, aghast, takes her hand to silence her.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Police believe he may have fallen into
the grave while engaged in some scientific
investigation, since a detector was found by
the graveside; but who found him there and
covered him with earth and stones--that has
now become the subject of a criminal
investigation.

As Brennan continues staring, Margaret flicks off the

set, looks at her husband with sympathy.

MARGARET

He was such a good friend of yours,
wasn't he?

BRENNAN

Yes...

MARGARET

Oh, Philip, I am sorry...

BRENNAN

(rising)

Let me make some calls...

MARGARET

(leans to him, kisses him)

Of course.

She rises, leaves the room. Brennan takes deep breath after breath to settle himself, then rises and moves to the desk, the phone--but as he is about to pick it up, his eyes fall on the pouch which lies nearby. Slowly he sits, takes out the notes and letters and once again begins to read:

KATE REYNOLDS' VOICE

'I have lain with the devil, Father,
I have bruised my breasts...'

FATHER DE CARLO

'She died not of cancer. The malignancy
that issued from her was alive, a child...'

INT. BRENNAN'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

The room is dark. He lies beside Margaret, staring at the ceiling, deeply troubled. Sleep weighs on his eyelids, his eyes close. We hear a CHOIR SINGING, an organ blasting out a psalm, distorted, echoing.

BRENNAN STANDS BESIDE A FONT

Margaret at his side, holding a baby. He leans across and kisses his wife on the cheek. He is proud of her. He looks down at the baby, wrapped in in a shawl. It smiles at him , toothless grin, and holds out pudgy arms. He tickles the palm and the tiny hand grasps his fingers and holds on. The VOICE OF THE BISHOP cuts through the sound of the singing, a familiar voice, thin and pleading.

BISHOP'S VOICE

Give him to me, oh, give me the child--

Brennan looks--it is MICHAEL DOOLAN! His arms are outstretched, and Margaret is about to hand him the baby--

BRENNAN

No!

But he cannot move. Finn dips his hand in the font.

BRENNAN

(roaring again)

No!

No one pays any attention to him. He manages to grab the child, struggling with Margaret. The shawl slips from the baby's body-- thick, greasy animal hair is on its shoulders. A terrible, obscene laugh issues from its mouth. It still grips Brennan's fingers, as Finn takes his hand from the font and smears the child's head with offal. Again it laughs obscenely, the choir sings, and Brennan drags his eyes away from the dreadful infant, gazing at the domed roof, trying to free himself from its grip.

BRENNAN

(shouting)

'Yea, though I have walked through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

And now the little fingers are gouging at his eyes, and he can hear Margaret laugh, her voice insistent--

MARGARET

What's wrong? Let him play?

Brennan wants to run, but his legs won't move. He closes his eyes tighter and yells the words out above the chorus of laughter--

CLOSE ON BRENNAN--IN HIS BEDROOM--NIGHT

--his eyes closed, shouting--

BRENNAN

'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort
me...'

--he is sitting up, his hands at his eyes, clawing at them. He peers between his fingers, horrified--
and SEES--

BRENNAN'S POV--MARGARET

staring at him, gripping the sheet with one hand, the other at her mouth, her eyes wide and terrified.

BRENNAN AND MARGARET

He shakes his head, trying to clear away the remnants of the dream, then, like a child, reaches out for her, but she backs away from him. In his mind he hears:

BRENNAN'S VOICE

'Thou annointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.'

Margaret slides from the bed, still clutching at the sheet, she backs against the curtains. Brennan leaps from the bed, runs into--

INT. BRENNAN BATHROOM--NIGHT

He slams the door behind him, and leans against it until his lips move:

BRENNAN

'Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life; and
I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.'

He rubs his face, his eyes widen again, his own skin seems strange to him, wrong. He is terrified, he runs his hand over his head, lets out a gasp. Looks in the mirror--

BRENNAN'S POV--THE MIRROR

with the face of the newborn baby grinning back at him, a child covered in thick hair.

BACK TO BRENNAN

continuing to stare into the mirror, his eyes wild.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE DRAWING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--DUSK

Buher sits in an armchair to one side of the fire. He sips tea as George pours another cup and takes it to the boy who sits on the edge of the sofa, looking at a sheaf of papers. The boy looks paler than usual, but his cheeks are flushed in his white face. He is restless, crosses one blue-jeaned leg over the other.

THE BOY

(looking over at Buher)

I don't see the point.

BUHER

Let me help...

THE BOY

(tapping papers)

Simon and Kalil block everything
the others propose--

BUHER

Correct.

THE BOY

Then the meeting adjourns, and
everything's the same as it was!

BUHER

Hardly. A new tension's been created,
a world-wide tension--

THE BOY

I don't understand.

BUHER

It's always been our strategy. Divide
and rule--

GEORGE

--turn chaos into stalemate, and
back again to controlled chaos --

BUHER

--and in that way we keep our position
as--

THE BOY

(leaping to his feet)

But it's not progress!

BUHER

(rises, too, exasperated)

Progress toward what?

THE BOY

Toward destruction!

BUHER

Destruction isn't the goal--control
is everything--

THE BOY

(flinging the sheaf of
papers at Buher)

Is that what my father wanted,
or what you want?!

He rushes out of the room.

BUHER

Come back!

He strides to the door, goes into--

THE HALLWAY--PEREFORD HOUSE--DUSK

The boy is disappearing at the top of the stairs.
Buher starts up after him--

BUHER

I want to talk to you!

INT. UPPER HALLWAY--DUSK

No sign of the boy. Buher, trying to subdue his anger,
walks quickly down the hall, stops at the closed door of
the boy's bedroom. He knocks.

BUHER

We have to discuss this.

He opens the door, strides in.

INT. THE BOY'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

This time there is light, two candles on a small

table, their flickering light falling on the collage-- there are additions! Next to the print of Kate Reynolds' tombstone there is a series of COLOR PICTURES. The first shows A YOUNG WOMAN lying naked in the black chapel, the large brown eyes gazing upward with the blank stare of the dead. Next to it, a second picture shows the body in the first stage of decomposition. Before we can see any more, we are:

CLOSE ON BUHER

who leans, trembling, against the wall. His hand flutters across the photographs, dislodging one, sending it to the floor. He stumbles away from the wall, goes out of the room--

AND THERE IS GEORGE

still as stone. Buher stops, gasps, then takes control--

BUHER

Do you know anything about a visitor? A young woman?

George tries to hold Buher's gaze, then looks down.

GEORGE

There was such a person, sir. The young master asked me to show her through the house...

BUHER

Did you show her OUT of the house?

GEORGE

I did.

BUHER

But she came back?

GEORGE

Not to my knowledge, sir. Only--

BUHER

Only what--?

GEORGE

There was a car...I was instructed
to drive it away...to lose it. I do believe
it belonged to the young woman...

Buher hurries away from him toward the chapel. CAMERA
MOVES WITH HIM, stops with him as he is about to pass
the open door of ANOTHER BEDROOM. He looks in.

BUHER'S POV--THE BOY SITS ON A BED

in the room. A single, small lamp is on. The walls of the
room are almost covered with paintings and photographs of
Damien Thorn.

BACK TO BUHER

He goes into the room.

INT. DAMIEN THORN'S BEDROOM--DUSK

The boy looks wan, his elbows are on his knees, his chin
and mouth are pressed down on white knuckles. He glances up
at Buher, then rolls onto the bed, pulling a pillow under
one cheek. He looks like a little sick boy, feverish and
vulnerable. Buher goes slowly to him, his anger melting,
he feels saddened, protective. He presses the back of one
hand to the boy's forehead.

BUHER

Tell me...

THE BOY

(pulling away)

I'm all right...

Buher sits on the bed by the boy's feet. He places a hand gently on one of his legs.

BUHER

Let me help.

THE BOY

Can you?

BUHER

I can try.

The boy turns on his other side, his eyes gaze at the paintings of Damien.

THE BOY

I come here from time to time, to feel my father as he was...when he was still alive....

BUHER

I understand.

THE BOY

Do you? Tell me, do you think he ever asked himself: 'Why me? Of all the children born into this world...why have I been chosen?'

BUHER

...he never talked to me about it, but I imagine he did.

THE BOY

Why me...? Why did the finger point at me?

BUHER

There's not one of us can choose his destiny.

(gently)

Do you come here to Damien's bedroom to think of him with love, or to curse him for what you are?

THE BOY

(eyes narrowing)

You're a clever old man, aren't you, Buher?

BUHER

Which?

THE BOY

(sitting up)

Does it matter? My father is my father, there's no undoing that!

BUHER

...who was the girl? The pictures on your wall--?

THE BOY

(a pleading look)

Christ sent her to tempt me.

(a moment of pain)

She was like a fawn.

BUHER

Where are the remains...?

THE BOY

I--I disposed of them.

BUHER

Why did you have to kill her?

THE BOY

She would have killed me!

BUHER

(rises, quietly)

You talk of destruction, and you destroy. There is always another way. Your father believed in control. Everything done so that he might get control of men's souls, and by that, the world.

THE BOY

Oh, you're wrong, so wrong...and arrogant, to think he cared about your miserable souls!

BUHER

Control! That's what we've worked for: 'And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads. And that no man might buy or sell, save that he had that mark!' Control!

THE BOY

(off the bed, stands
trembling)

You're a dupe, like all the rest of his 'disciples!' When the dark angel was cast out by God, there was only one thought in his mind--vengeance! Total destruction--

BUHER

No--

THE BOY

Yes! My word, Buher, is my father's word. I'm the vessel in which he still lives!

He turns away from Buher, flings himself into a chair, spreads out his legs, leans back like a self-indulgent king.

THE BOY

Tomorrow you're taking me to London.

BUHER

(tenses)

It isn't time to go abroad...

THE BOY

(mimicking)

I'm not asking 'To go abroad,' I'm asking to be taken to London, because I read about a meeting I want to be at.

BUHER

What meeting?

THE BOY

James Graham is speaking...you know James Graham--?

BUHER

...I've met him.

THE BOY

The great leader of the Worldwide Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the living saint! I want to see him, I want to hear him, I want to leave this house for a day--for an hour--for a minute! Let me out of this house!

Then, like a helpless, despairing child--

THE BOY

Please, Buher--pretty please?

EXT. BUILDING AND MEETING HALL--LONDON--DAY

Policemen on horseback. Crowds of men and women, some carrying babies; nearly all carrying ANTI-NUCLEAR SIGNS and BANNERS. People shouting through megaphones, streaming excitedly into the building. And CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO ISOLATE BUHER AND THE BOY, who has THE DOG on a tight leash. Buher is uncomfortable, reacts irritatedly at the jostling; the boy is eager, excited.

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AMERICAN EMBASSY--DAY

He is at his desk. Across the room the television is on, the sound muted. Brennan looks pale, still not fully recovered from the effects of his dreadful dream of the night before. He picks up his private phone, dials, his eyes on the TV SET where the crowds can be seen entering the meeting hall for Graham's assembly.

MARGARET (filter)

Hello?

BRENNAN

...Margaret, are you watching Graham?

MARGARET (filter)

About to--

BRENNAN

Do me a favor, tape it for me, will you?

MARGARET (filter)

Sure. How are you feeling?

BRENNAN

Fine...just very busy.

He hangs up. Leans back, looks at the set a moment more, then flicks it off by remote control. He looks at the pouch which is on his desk. He needs help. But to whom can he turn? Only to a friend, a sane friend who will hear him out and not consider him mad. Someone connected in some way to Damien Thorn. BUHER! Obviously, Buher! He grabs up the phone, dials, sits hunched forward, trying to think of how to put it--

BUHER'S SECRETARY (filter)

Mr. Buher's office.

BRENNAN

This is Philip Brennan--

BUHER'S SECRETARY (filter)

Oh, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Buher isn't coming in today.

BRENNAN

Is he home, do you know?

BUHER'S SECRETARY (filter)

I don't believe so.

BRENNAN

It's...rather urgent.

BUHER'S SECRETARY (filter)

The moment I hear from him--

BRENNAN

Thank you.

He hangs up. He cannot keep his hand from reaching out to the pouch. He touches it. He winces, as though it burns him. A knock on the door, his secretary enters.

SECRETARY

(a little wary now)

More letters to sign, if you're feeling up to it...

Brennan pulls himself together, manages a smile, picks up a pen.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

INT. THE MEETING HALL--DAY

Huge, and packed. CAMERA MANAGES ITS WAY through the crowd, most of the people sitting, a great many standing in the aisles. BUHER and THE BOY sit close to the platform, the DOG is in the aisle, lying flat. On the platform are SEVERAL OFFICIALS OF THE MOVEMENT, and at the MICROPHONE is JAMES GRAHAM. He is in his sixties, white-haired, large and old, in a heavy tweed jacket, jet-black glasses covering his blind eyes. Beside him, at the end of a leather leash, is his 'sight,' his German shepherd seeing-eye dog. The leash is looped tightly around Graham's wrist. There are television CAMERAS everywhere.

JAMES GRAHAM

...at this very moment, in the ancient city of Rome, modern men are meeting in an attempt to settle a crisis that has threatened that part of the globe we know as the Middle East, and that by extension,
(cont)

JAMES GRAHAM

threatens us all. We wish the politicians wisdom and determination, but what I demand from them, and what I demand from you, the voters, is simplicity itself. It is what I have always demanded. That you choose--

The boy's hand strokes the dog, the dog stares up at the platform.

JAMES GRAHAM (cont)

--only those men and women who run for office under our banner!

A roar of approval.

JAMES GRAHAM (cont)

That you forget the irrelevance of party politics...

Another roar.

JAMES GRAHAM (cont)

That you, each one of you, act single-mindedly for the salvation of humanity by focusing solely on the survival of our species.

Long cheering and applause, and during this WE FOCUS ON Graham's GUIDE DOG, which rises onto its hind legs, head bobbing, sniffing the air.

FEATURE BUHER, THE BOY, AND THE DOG

The boy's dog is up on its feet now, yellow eyes concentrated up at the dog on the platform. The boy is smiling, eyes wide, excited. He focuses his gaze on HIS dog, willing it; the dog snarls softly.

JAMES GRAHAM

As many of you know, I am not a religious man. Nonetheless I will quote you Paul's second epistle to Timothy...

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AMERICAN EMBASSY-DAY

Brennan has just finished signing the papers his secretary gave him, turns on the television again.

JAMES GRAHAM

'This know also, that in the last days
perilous times shall come. For men shall
be lovers of their own selves, covetous,
boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient
to parents, unthankful, unholy--

ALTERNATE SHOTS OF THE BOY, THE TWO DOGS

The boy's dog with its massive head forward, hackles raised,
the boy concentrating fiercely, the guide dog beginning to
paw the platform.

JAMES GRAHAM (cont)

(during above)

without natural affection--TRUCEBREAKERS!

CLOSE ON BUHER

Suddenly sitting forward, seeing--

HIS POV --THE GUIDE DOG, a dribble of saliva, hanging
from his muzzle!

BACK TO BUHER

Turning to the boy.

BUHER

What are you--

JAMES GRAHAM

(during above)

I call for you who have faith to
pray to your gods, and those without
faith, to look to your intellects.

ON BRENNAN IN HIS OFFICE

handing signed papers to his secretary, keeping an eye
on the screen. The Secretary leaves.

JAMES GRAHAM (on the TV)

My theme is not new, but the present
situation makes it all the more--

RAPIDLY ALTERNATE SHOTS OF THE TWO DOGS

the boy's dog reaching into the head of the guide dog,
driving it mad--

JAMES GRAHAM (O.S.)

(during this)

--important. For now the time has
come--

ON THE PLATFORM

as the guide dog leaps at Graham, jaws snapping at his
master's face! He stumbles backward, the cord of the
microphone curling around his leg, and as he falls his
amplified scream echoes around the hall!

ON BRENNAN

Aghast, coming up out of his chair, taking a step toward
the television, as if he could reach into it and help.

ON BUHER AND THE BOY AND THE DOG

as all around people are screaming, jumping to their
feet. The boy is aflame with violent emotion, Buher is
horrified, grabbing across him to clutch the dog.

GENERAL SHOT--THE HALL

in uproar, as the guide dog races for the edge of the platform, dragging JAMES GRAHAM, with his bleeding eyes, off into the front row of the audience! Police are running forward, CAMERAS ARE CONCENTRATING ON GRAHAM and the guide dog, or swinging this way and that to catch the horrified commotion in the hall.

WITH BRENNAN

ing
see/A TELEVISION CAMERA wildly ranging, for a moment settling on BUHER AND THE BOY, then swinging away. Brennan is startled, then continues watching as the screen fills with alternating shots of the madness in the hall.

ON GRAHAM AND THE GUIDE DOG

The white-haired old man has cracked his skull, he is dead. The dog leaps this way and that, still held to him by the leash, as POLICE beat it off with truncheons.

INT. BUHER'S LIMOUSINE--DAY

pulling away from outside the hall, as PEOPLE run in and out of the building, weeping and crying aloud at the death of their beloved leader. The boy is laughing, he cannot stop. Buher is leaning back, eyes closed in his own personal agony. The dog is at the boy's feet, eyes closed, exhausted, sleeping.

THE BOY

Blessed are the peacemakers!

BUHER gives him a withering glance.

BUHER

An unnecessary exhibition of
vulgar power...

But the boy just leans back and hugs himself, 'tasting' the memory.

INT. BRENNAN'S DEN--NIGHT

He is watching a replay of the dreadful scenes in the meeting hall. Margaret, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, stands near him, a martini in her hand.

MARGARET

How can you watch it over and over,
it's too awful.

BRENNAN

I'm...looking for something.

MARGARET

--what?

BRENNAN

Later!

Offended, Margaret turns, leaves the den. Brennan leans forward, tapping the button of a remote control unit, stopping and starting the replay tape, finally stopping at--

ON THE TELEVISION--BUHER AND THE BOY

caught for a moment by the swinging Camera. Buher reaching across the boy, the boy staring up at the scene by the platform.

ON BRENNAN

twisting a dial, bringing Buher into CLOSE-UP, then the boy into CLOSE-UP. He frowns, the boy looks so familiar.

ALMOST SUBLIMINAL

The portrait of Damien Thorn in the American Embassy.

BACK TO BRENNAN

staring at the face of the boy, only fifteen or so years younger than his father was in the portrait.

BRENNAN

(a murmur)

Oh, God.

He goes back to the CLOSE SHOT OF BUHER. He stares at it, not wanting to accept the insane and terrible thought that is racing through his mind. From BUHER'S CLOSE SHOT on the television--

CLOSE SHOT BUHER

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AMERICAN EMBASSY --NOON

BUHER

I'm sorry I didn't return your call yesterday.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Buher sitting on a couch, Brennan in a chair opposite him. Brennan can't rid himself of his appalling suspicion, but keeps control of himself; Gently, gently--

BRENNAN

That's all right.

BUHER

Urgent, my secretary said.

BRENNAN

(wave of his hand)

Then.

(slightest pause)

I'm sure you've seen...what happened to Graham...

BUHER

Unbelievable, appalling.

BRENNAN

I admired him, even though his politics--

BUHER

A great humanitarian...perhaps overly passionate, and wrong about disarmament, but still, there aren't many like him left...

BRENNAN

No.

Buher waits, then sits back, relaxing.

BUHER

What do we hear from Rome?

BRENNAN

They're squabbling like kids in a school-yard.

BUHER

Kids fight and make up. I hope we can expect that of these so-called adults.

BRENNAN

These so-called adults all have the Bomb now. Kalil and the Syrians, Simon and his Israelis. Both totally changed men; God only knows what's come over them.

BUHER

We all change...

A knock on the door, and then Brennan's Secretary enters, carrying TWO DRINKS on a tray, in FROSTED GLASSES.

SECRETARY

Sorry to be so long, we'd run out of tonic.

She puts the tray on the table between the two men.

SECRETARY

Your office just called, Mr. Buher.
Said there's something important for you
to look at. Sorry about the drink...

BUHER

That's all right.

The secretary exits.

BRENNAN

(lifting his glass)

Cheers, Paul, let's hope for better
days.

BUHER

(lifting his)

Health to this ailing world, Philip.

They drink.

BUHER

I'm afraid I'm going to be rude...I
didn't realise how late it was when I
dropped by.

BRENNAN

You're not rude, you're a busy
man.

Buher puts down his drink, Brennan does the same, they
rise. Brennan walks Buher to the door, opens it.

BUHER

(extends his hand)

We must have dinner.

BRENNAN

Absolutely.

As Buher makes to exit, Brennan can no longer hold back--

BRENNAN

By the way, Paul...who was the
boy you were with?

BUHER

...boy?

BRENNAN

He was beside you at Graham's
meeting.

Buher stares at him, momentarily off-balance, then--

BUHER

You were there?

BRENNAN

I saw you on television. Who was
the boy?

BUHER

Beside me? I don't know. I took no
notice...in such a crush. Philip, I must
run. Goodbye for now.

BRENNAN

Goodbye.

Buher leaves, Brennan shuts the door, starts back to
the table for his drink, thinking hard. He picks up his
glass, then sees something. He frowns, sits, leans forward.
He is looking at Buher's glass. Rays from the setting sun
are angling in through the nearby window, and falling upon
the glass in a particular way. MUSIC BEGINS ON TRACK,
CHANTING. Brennan sits frozen a moment, then leans forward,
puts out a hesitant hand, picks up Buher's glass by the
very bottom. He swallows hard as he sees--

THE FROSTED GLASS

with Buher's ~~fingerprints~~ clear in the frosting. The thumbprint is featured, sideways on the glass.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Rising, holding the glass. Staring at the prints, raising the glass and focusing on the thumbprint--there are little moist circles in the print, with little tails. Brennan holds the glass up to windowlight.

THE FROSTED GLASS

VERY CLOSE SHOT--THE THUMBPRINT AND THE CIRCLES-- little NINES one way, SIXES the other!

BACK TO BRENNAN

His eyes wide, his heart pounding.

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

'Let he who hath understanding
Reckon the number of the Beast:
For it is a human number,
Its number is Six Hundred and Sixty-six.'

Brennan slowly puts down the glass, takes a step back from the table, trying once more to overcome his fear and suspicion with reason. He cannot. He feels alone, desperate. He picks up the private phone, pushes button for outside OPERATOR.

OUTSIDE OPERATOR (filter)

May I help you?

BRENNAN

Italian Information, please...

EXT. MONASTERY AT SUBIACO-- EARLY EVENING (Italian time)
Monks chanting O.S.

INT. SMALL OFFICE OF THE HEAD OF THE MONASTERY --SAME
He looks up from the ancient telephone, sees BROTHER
FRANCIS hurrying in.

BROTHER FRANCIS

You wanted me--?

HEAD OF MONASTERY

I am talking to London, a Mr. Philip
Brennan...

BROTHER FRANCIS

(eagerly)

He wishes to speak to me?

HEAD OF MONASTERY

To Brother De Carlo.

BROTHER FRANCIS

But...he is too ill. He cannot walk.

HEAD OF MONASTERY

I have told that to Mr. Brennan, but
he insists. He says it is of the gravest
religious importance. Go help our poor
Brother to come here.

Brother Francis rushes out of the room.

CAMERA HURRIES WITH BROTHER FRANCIS DOWN CORRIDORS
until he arrives at De Carlo's room. He knocks and
hurries in.

INT. DE CARLO'S TINY ROOM --EARLY EVENING

The room is dark, the walls windowless. A tiny candle
gutters, De Carlo, looking just this side of death, is
in bed. Brother Francis bends over him.

BROTHER FRANCIS

It is Philip Brennan. He is telephoning
(cont)

BROTHER FRANCIS (cont)

to you from London. He must talk to
you. 'Of the gravest importance,' he says.

De Carlo tries to sit up, falls back. Brother Francis
puts an arm behind him. AND THE CHANTING BEGINS!

BROTHER FRANCIS

Hold on to me.

EXT. THE MONASTERY--EARLY EVENING

Set in the distance is the HEAD MONK'S OFFICE, a small
building apart from the monastery proper. A path winds along
the brow of a steep hill. Brother Francis appears with De
Carlo, almost carrying him. The chanting and the 'breathing'
are loud; we do not have to SEE the boy in the chapel to under-
stand that he is present now!

BROTHER FRANCIS

Not far now, brother. Hold fast to me...

DE CARLO

...God give me strength...

BROTHER FRANCIS

(lòoking around, making sure
they are not seen)

...Go. Ask him for it yourself!

And he flings the old man down the hill! Immediately he
starts screaming--

BROTHER FRANCIS

Help, help! Help me!

CLOSE ON DE CARLO'S DEAD FACE

eyes wide open in death. O.S. and above--

BROTHER FRANCIS

(continuing to call)

. Help me!

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE--AFTERNOON (London time)

Brennan waits, the phone to his ear. Then--

HEAD MONK'S VOICE

(filter, very upset)

Mr. Brennan--?

BRENNAN

Yes, I'm here...where is Brother--

HEAD MONK (filter)

A terrible tragedy, Mr. Brennan, an accident--Brother De Carlo is dead!

BRENNAN

--what?

HEAD MONK (filter)

In his eagerness to come to the phone, he ran from Brother Francis' care--and fell to his death. Mr. Brennan--?

But Brennan is hanging up. He has never felt so frightened, so alone. He takes a breath, settles himself, intercom.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir?

BRENNAN

...I'm going out...I'll try to be back by the end of the day.

EXT. MOTORWAY OUTSIDE LONDON--MORNING

Brennan's Jaguar moves past gradually-decreasing traffic, on the way to Pereford.

INT. THE CAR--WITH BRENNAN

He sees a T-shaped SIGNPOST up ahead, indicating Pereford

is to the right. Something PINK is attached to the signpost. Brennan's eyes widen, he reacts in horror-

WHAT HE SEES

THE SHAPE OF THE CHILD, laughing at him, toothless and obscene, nailed to the signpost!

BACK TO BRENNAN

Instinctively braking, momentarily losing control, the car swerving wildly as he fights for control. He manages, straightens out the car, looks up at the signpost again--

WHAT HE SEES

Just the sign, no child.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Taking in deep breaths, his heart thudding in his chest. Then he drives on, his hands trembling on the wheel. He makes the turn to the right.

EXT. WOODS AND WALL SURROUNDING PEREFORD HOUSE--DAY

Brennan walks into SHOT, BINOCULARS around his neck, stops at the wall, looks up at its height. He

finds a foothold, climbs to the top, swings his legs over, sits still a moment, looking around. Then he puts the binoculars to his eyes, looks out toward the house.

BINOCULAR SHOT--PEREFORD HOUSE AND GARDEN--DAY

Buher and the boy stroll together in the garden. The dog listlessly pads behind them.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Reacting at seeing Buher and the boy, the confirmation of their relationship setting his heart to pounding again. He continues watching.

EXT. THE GARDEN

where Buher and the boy walk along. The hum of bees provides

a background to the chirrup of crickets, while high above a lark sings soprano. The boy sneezes.

BUHER

(mildly flippant)

Bless you.

But the boy doesn't laugh. He looks tired and ill. His cheeks are sunken, there are dark pouches under his eyes.

THE BOY

Is there anything more from Rome?

BUHER

The conference ends today, stalemated,
as planned...

Suddenly the boy stops, as though he's been struck.

THE BOY

So. It's come to this...harvest time.

Buher glances at him, is about to ask him what he means, when the boy turns and gazes toward the tree line. Buher follows his gaze.

WHAT THEY SEE

Half a mile away a glint of reflected sunlight can be spotted in the woods.

BACK TO BUHER AND THE BOY

The dog growls softly, the hackles rising.

THE BOY

He has sent his lackey for me.

The agent of the Son of God has come
to destroy me. I feel His presence!

The dog moves forward, running toward the light, and the boy watches it. Then he turns, starts quickly back to the house.

BUHER

Wait--

THE BOY

Let him come, but there's something
I MUST DO FIRST!

Buher stares after him, puzzled, worried, then he turns to gaze back at the hills. The light still glints from the tree line. Buher stares at it a moment, eyes narrowing; then he turns and hurries away toward the house.

ON BRENNAN

He lowers the binoculars, turns, looks back and down. He is about to jump back off the wall, when the dog comes loping out of the bushes toward him. Brennan blinks at the sight of such a concentrated surge of power. Quickly he swings his legs onto the top of the wall and squats there, balanced precariously. The dog doesn't break stride, it simply throws itself at the wall, the front paws scrabbling for a hold, the great jaws snapping three feet beneath him.

ANOTHER ANGLE, FEATURING BRENNAN

the dog below. Brennan stares at it, gazes into the jaws, into the yellow eyes. The dog backs off, then throws itself at the wall again. It makes no sound, leaping at him in silence, the only noise being the clashing of its teeth. Brennan sits as if hypnotised.

CLOSE ON BRENNAN

swaying on the wall. feeling an urge to topple forward. He closes his eyes.

WHAT HE SEES IN HIS MIND

The child hammered onto the cross.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Opening his eyes, trying to force away the image, but his eyelids are like lead, and they close again.

THE IMAGE IN HIS MIND

The child again.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Struggling mentally to break the paralysing grip of the image. His forehead shines with sweat.

THE IMAGE IN HIS MIND

Tears of blood on the baby's face, as the image feels Brennan's struggle.

VERY CLOSE ON BRENNAN

Eyes closed, concentrating with all his might.

THE IMAGE OF THE BABY

It bursts, like a rubber toy, blood flows, it shrivels, is gone.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Eyes open, breathing in relief, the hallucination gone. He gazes at the dog. It is motionless now, staring at him, head on one side, looking puzzled. Brennan ^{jumps} down to the bottom of the far side of the wall. The dog howls a long wail of failure.

INT. THE CHAPEL--PEREFORD HOUSE--MORNING

CLOSE ON THE BOY, holding his father's dead hands with all his might, writhing as he feels powerful current of the dead man's spirit filling him. The 'breathing,' the chanting, fill the pulsing room. The candle casts its wavering shadows. The boy concentrates until sweat runs from his forehead down onto the lids of his closed eyes, AND AN IMAGE BEGINS TO APPEAR, replacing in prominence the image of the chapel, and throughout

the following, we INTERCUT THE BOY and--

INT. ROME CONFERENCE ROOM--LATE AFTERNOON (ROME TIME)
where Peter Stevenson is banging a gavel to silence the assembly.

STEVENSON

Please, gentlemen, let the Syrian
delegate continue!

KALIL

...there can be no stepping back from
our initial position--

WITH BRENNAN IN HIS JAGUAR

heading back to London, listening intently to the car radio.

KALIL (filter)

Let the Israelis understand this. That
position was first pronounced--

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

--where Kalil continues passionately, beginning to lose control
of himself as the chanting tells us the boy is manipulating him.
Simon, too, twists and turns in his chair, staring murderously
at his opponent. There will be no question soon of stalemate!

KALIL (cont)

--by the greatest of all heroes, by
that giant of the Middle East, who was
relentless in his determination that the
disputed areas be freed from Israeli
control. That man, Hassan Tafara--

SIMON

--a murdering pig!

KALIL

What?!

SIMON

(beside himself with rage)
A butcher of children!

at which point Kalil leaps to his feet, shouts something in Arabic, scrambles over the table to get at Simon, his hand closed around a heavy onyx ashtray. Other delegates try to interfere, but Kalil and Simon are maddened by the chanting which fills their minds, and as Simon leaps to his feet to get at Kalil, the Syrian flings the ashtray into the Israeli's mouth! Simon grunts and falls back. Kalil jumps on top of him.

CONFERENCE ANNOUNCER

ANNOUNCER

...Kalil has flung an ashtray into the face of the Israeli delegate--

ON BRENNAN

Listening--

ANNOUNCER

--there is blood everywhere, and the two delegates are struggling. Now other delegates are beginning to fight! The Americans and the Russians are leaving the room--

BRENNAN

My God!

Now from the radio there comes only STATIC. Brennan twists the dial back and forth--

A NEW ANNOUNCER

...temporarily lost our contact with Rome. Please keep tuned.

There is filtered music. Brennan drives on, tormented.

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

'...you must kill him with the
daggers.'

ON THE BOY

Lolling back against a wall of the chapel, his face weary,
but intensely satisfied, his eyes fixed on his father's. The
chapel door opens, and Buher slowly comes in. He looks at the
boy, follows the boy's look to Damien's eyes. Then the boy
switches his gaze to Buher.

THE BOY

(languidly)

What do you want, Buher--?

BUHER

There's news...bad news from Rome.

THE BOY

Really?

(small smile)

What?

BUHER

Our plans--my plans...failed.

THE BOY

(bigger smile)

Oh? You mean...no stalemate, no
control--?

BUHER

...what have you been doing...?

THE BOY

(frowns)

Thinking.

BUHER

About what?

THE BOY

Rome.

BUHER

(a shudder goes through
him)

I thought so.

THE BOY

Go away, Buher...I need to rest.
I've been--thinking very hard!

BUHER

Yes.

THE BOY

Don't look at me like that. I
was only keeping faith with my father.
Get out!

Slowly, Buher backs out of the room, his eyes cold,
focused until he is gone, on the boy's eyes. The door is
shut. The boy stretches like a contented cat, lolls back
against the wall again.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Driving, his face set.

FATHER DE CARLO'S VOICE

'--it extinguishes physical life,
and forms the center of the cross...'

Brennan picks up the CAR TELEPHONE, punches out a
number.

BRENNAN'S SECRETARY

(filter)

Mr. Brennan--?

BRENNAN

Have there been any calls for
me?

BRENNAN'S SECRETARY (filter)
Mr. Buher just rang.

BRENNAN
I thought he would...

BRENNAN'S SECRETARY (filter)
...pardon me?

BRENNAN
Do me a favor, set up an appointment
for me...

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD--LATE AFTERNOON

Brennan pulls up, parks his Jaguar, hurries into a building.

INT. BLACK MUSEUM--SCOTLAND YARD--LATER AFTERNOON

Brennan and ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER EVANS stands before the
glass case containing the FIVE DAGGERS. The agonised faces
of Christ look up at them.

EVANS
Dangerous-looking lot, aren't they?

BRENNAN
Very...

EVANS
You will ask your chaps in Chicago
to take good care of them.

BRENNAN
Of course. They'll be exhibited for a
while in our Chicago Museum, then a
courier will bring them back. I'd have
given you more time, Commissioner, but my
people called me about them only today...

EVANS
Not at all, sir; I wouldn't mind
seeing the exhibition myself...

INT. BRENNAN'S OFFICE-AMERICAN EMBASSY--DUSK

Brennan is at the desk. He holds a parcel. He takes a deep breath, tears at the heavy wrapping, curses as it holds firm. He picks up a pair of scissors, hacks at it, then tears it apart, consumed suddenly by a desperate need to hold the contents in his hands. He pulls with both hands--yelps--as one of the blades breaks loose and slices into his palm. He drops the package and sucks the blood that wells in a thin, precise line. He looks down at the daggers scattered on the floor, each one labelled. One has fallen directly on the point, is driven an inch into the carpet, the hilt swaying, its label fluttering like a flag. As he reaches for it, the blood flows down his fingers, drips onto the hilt. He takes a handkerchief from his pocket with the other hand, wraps it around the cut palm, then pulls the dagger out of the carpet. He wipes it with a handful of kleenex, cleaning Christ's blood-stained face and torso. He picks up the other daggers, puts them on his desk, then reaches into a drawer, takes out the dagger Father De Carlo gave him, places it among the others, and arranges them all in the shape of a cross.

INSERT--THE SIX DAGGERS

Six faces of Christ, the features identically twisted in agony stare up at Brennan.

BACK TO BRENNAN

Held by the sight, fascinated. Then he breaks its hold, picks up a briefcase, begins putting the daggers in.

INT. THE DRAWING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--DUSK

Buher is alone, a telephone to his ear.

BUHER (into phone)

...they're in your Black Museum, I

(cont)

BUHER (cont)

believe, five daggers with Christ's
figure on the hilts.

INT. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER EVAN'S OFFICE

He frowns, speaks into phone--

EVANS

This is very odd, sir--

INTERCUT BUHER AND EVANS

BUHER

Yes--? How do you mean?

EVANS

We just loaned those daggers out, not
more than an hour ago, for an exhibition
in Chicago.

BUHER

(tensing, confirmed)

...that is coincidental. May I ask--

EVANS

To Mr. Brennan, the American Amba-
ssador. What did you wish to see them for,
Mr. Buher--?

BUHER

I collect weapons, Commissioner. I'm
curious. Perhaps when they're back--?

EVANS

I'll let you know, sir.

BUHER

Thank you.

He hangs up, almost immediately dials a number, listens--

MARGARET (filter)
Hello?

BUHER
Margaret, Paul here.

MARGARET
(tensing, eagerly)
How nice to hear from you.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

INT. THE BRENNAN'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Brennan stands in front of a full-length mirror, knotting a dark tie. Margaret, in a slip, sits in front of the dressing table mirror, painting her lips. A small color television is on, humming, showing only the BBC Color Test Pattern. Brennan is enormously tense, struggling to keep his hands from shaking, his voice calm--

BRENNAN
...I know Paul mentioned dinner, but
no specific--

MARGARET
Well, he called and said it was on
for this evening, and I said fine. Don't
you want to go--?

BRENNAN
I do, it's just--

The BBC news begins.

BBC ANNOUNCER
Good evening, this is the BBC eight
o'clock news. As a result of the un-
fortunate occurrence today

(cont)

BBC ANNOUNCER

in Rome, Syrian and Israeli troops are massing for an imminent confrontation. Russia has accused the United States of fomenting this latest disturbance, and as yet there has been no comment from the White House.

As he continues--

MARGARET

(putting on her dress)

What do you think the President is doing?

BRENNAN

...talking to Strategic Air Command, if he hasn't lost his senses...

Margaret watches as Brennan shrugs into his jacket, then fits a piece of bakelite the size of a domino to the underside of his lapel.

MARGARET

Maybe dinner isn't such a good idea...

BRENNAN

No, no...we'll go. They can reach me if they have to...I'll get the car.

She watches him leave the room.

INT. THE BRENNAN LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Brennan crosses to the den.

INT. THE DEN--NIGHT

Brennan unlocks a desk drawer, pulls out the briefcase. We hear the daggers clink. He holds the case more firmly, hurries out.

EXT. BRENNAN RESIDENCE--NIGHT

He runs across the gravel toward the garage. He unlocks the trunk of the car, puts the briefcase inside, closes the trunk noiselessly, then gets into the car. Rain is falling.

INT. THE JAGUAR WITH BRENNAN--NIGHT

As he backs out of the garage. When he comes to a halt, Margaret is there, a coat slung over her shoulder, grimacing in the downpour, a hand raised above her hair. Brennan flings open the passenger door, and she gets in--

MARGARET

(slamming door shut)

Two hours to get ready, five seconds
to look like a drowned rat.

BRENNAN

(leans over to kiss her)

You look lovely.

EXT. THE CAR--NIGHT

Brennan backs it onto the road, turns the wheel, speeds off into the rain-lashed night.

EXT. MOTORWAY--NIGHT

The car races by.

INT. BRENNAN'S CAR--NIGHT

Windshield wipers sweep at the rain. Brennan is turning off the radio. He is tense, but tries for a calm tone--

BRENNAN

If I vanish for a while this evening,
could you keep Paul occupied?

MARGARET

Vanish where?

BRENNAN

When you vanish, darling, it means
nobody knows where you are.

MARGARET

But what for? What are you--

BRENNAN

...it's important. Please do as I ask.

MARGARET

And how am I going to keep him
occupied? I can only talk for so long...

BRENNAN

You'll think of something.

MARGARET

(laughs)

What do you mean? Do you want me to
whore for you?

She hoots out the word like an owl, one eyebrow raised quizzically. Brennan is startled, looks at her. She immediately snuggles against him.

MARGARET

Wonder what a seventy-year old whatsit
looks like...

BRENNAN

(managing responsive lightness)

Like a peanut...maybe a walnut
on a good day.

Margaret giggles.

EXT. ROAD LEADING UP TO PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

The big gates come into view. Brennan stops the car,
lets down the window, leans out to press a button in
the gatepost. Rain falls more heavily.

GEORGE (filter)

Good evening...Mr. and Mrs. Brennan?

BRENNAN

Yes.

The gates swing open. CAMERA REMAINS IN THE CAR with
Brennan and Margaret as they drive up toward the house.
As it comes into view, they can see Buher standing by
the front door, holding an open umbrella.

MARGARET

(with a soft giggle)

Peanut.

Brennan stops the car. Buher walks toward them, and as
he opens the door for Margaret, helps her out, his eyes
quickly sweep over as much of the interior of the car
as he can possibly see in the moment he politely greets
her with--

BUHER

Welcome to Pereford...

During this, Brennan gets out on his side, comes around
the car, hand extended.

BRENNAN

Hello, Paul.

Buher registers that Brennan's hands are empty, shakes hands, then hurries his guests into the house--

BUHER

Good of you to come. I didn't think you'd make it under the circumstances.

BRENNAN

You mean the rain or the politics?

INT. THE HALL--PEREFORD--NIGHT

George is there to take Buher's umbrella.

BUHER

This is George...he's been with me, as they say, forever.

'Good evenings' are exchanged. George walks away, Buher takes Margaret's arm, starts leading her to the drawing room.

BUHER

I think a drink first, don't you?

MARGARET

Perfect.

Brennan glances up the curved stairway and beyond to the corridor leading deep into the house, narrowing his eyes, wondering where the boy lives. Then he goes into the drawing room, after the others.

INT. DRAWING ROOM--NIGHT

Buher is already pouring drinks, hands one to Margaret.

BUHER

If it stops raining later, I'll show you the gardens.

Brennan crosses to Buher as Margaret steps away to stand

in front of Damien's portrait.

BRENNAN

I think there's a real storm
coming...

Buher looks at him, absorbs the double meaning--

BUHER

(meaning it)

Let's pray not.

He hands Brennan a drink.

MARGARET

Philip.

Brennan moves across to her, gazes at the face and the
inscription: 'Damien Thorn: U.S. Ambassador.'

MARGARET

(whispers to him)

Told you he was beautiful, didn't I?

Buher crosses to them, smiling.

BUHER

He was very attractive to women.

BRENNAN

Yet he had no children?

MARGARET

(looking at him in surprise)
Why do you say that? What's the
connection?

BRENNAN

(shrugs, looks at Buher)
I'm surprised he didn't continue the
dynasty.

BUHER

He was only thirty-two when he died.

BRENNAN

Yes, I remember watching the funeral
on television.

INT. DINING ROOM--LATER NIGHT

CAMERA PANS down from the ornate ceiling to see
Brennan, Buher and Margaret at table. A candelabra
stands in the center of the table, sprouting six
black candles. Margaret looks ravishing as the wavering
light plays over her fine features. She seems flushed,
excited.

MARGARET

(to Buher)

Tell us about Damien Thorn...
~~what~~ sort of man was he really?

BUHER

(eyes fixed on her)

Vital, intelligent, very concerned
with the state of the world.

The bakelite domino whines in Brennan's lapel. At once--

BRENNAN

(rising, very tense)

Excuse me.

(to Margaret)

I may be a little while...

BUHER

Take the phone in the drawing room.

Brennan exits. Buher and Margaret look after him,
tense, expectant.

INT. DRAWING ROOM--NIGHT

Brennan comes in, goes to the phone, taps out a number.

BRENNAN

Brennan.

He listens, stiffening, he grunts twice, almost inaudibly, his eyes expressing his horror at what he hears. He hangs up; the moment has come. He takes a deep breath, hurries from the room.

INT. HALL--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Brennan comes out of the drawing room, looks around as he walks to the front door, going swiftly and silently. No one appears in the dining room door, no one is coming down the hall. He opens the front door--

EXT. PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

--and now he is sprinting to the back of the car. He gets his keys out. In his excited state, his hands tremble the keys fall onto the wet gravel, he grabs them up, opens the trunk, takes out the briefcase, puts the strap over one shoulder. He starts back into the house.

INT. DINING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Buher and Margaret look up as George steps quickly in.

GEORGE

(pale, shaky)

It's begun! Tel Aviv and Jerusalem have been bombed!

Buher rises, distressed; Margaret turns, eyes wide.

GEORGE

Nuclear warheads. Total destruction.
There's no word yet of Beirut--

BUHER

They're bound to retaliate--

MARGARET

(also rising, eyes flaming)
An eye for an eye! For these be the
days of vengeance--

They hear running footsteps O.S. Immediately Buher

rushes to the door, out into the hallway. George goes after him, and Margaret, her face ablaze with an expression akin to sexual lust, grabs up a carving knife.

INT. HALL--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Brennan is halfway up the stairs--

BUHER

Philip!

Brennan turns, looks down, sees Buher starting up after him, George coming to Buher's side.

BUHER

Let me help you!

Brennan stands frozen, trying to understand.

BUHER

We'll do it together!

MARGARET (O.S.)

(a roar of hatred and rage)

Betrayer!

They all look toward the dining room, and there is Margaret, racing forward, the carving knife held high.

BRENNAN

(in horror, astonishment)

Margaret!

Before he can move, or George can help, Margaret sweeps forward, slashing at Buher, screaming at the same time.

MARGARET

Betrayer!

Buher, his arm sliced, falls forward onto the stairs. She leaps on him, slashing again, but now George has broken

from his trance, and lunges forward, throwing himself on her, wrestling for the knife. Brennan lets out another hoarse and terrified--

BRENNAN

Margaret...!

--then turns and surges up the stairs.

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Brennan strides down the dark corridor, the briefcase in his arms. At the end of the corridor, the chapel door stands ajar-- and now the dog pads out of the room, stops, growls. Brennan halts, swallows hard. The dog stays where it is. Slowly, slow step by slow step, Brennan moves forward, opening the briefcase at the same time, drawing out a dagger. The dog shrinks back momentarily and Brennan, holding his breath, expecting attack at any moment, goes past it, into--

THE CHAPEL--NIGHT

--where he stands like a man come upon hell itself. The black candle flickers in the icy wind, the chanting fills the room, mingled with the hoarse 'breathing,' and there, the boy, in his black cassock kneels by the suspended corpse of Damien Thorn. Brennan takes in a shuddering breath, trembles in the cold, watching the boy praying. Then he walks silently forward, the dagger in one hand, the others in the briefcase making a barely audible soft, clinking sound. He stands behind the boy, but the boy doesn't turn. He remains stone-still, clutching his father's hands. Brennan bends, without noise puts the briefcase on the floor. He is shaking. He holds the dagger now in both hands, raises it. The boy's back is slim, and through the cassock he can make out the vulnerable knobs of the spine. Sweat pours down Brennan's face--and he knows he cannot do it this way. He must turn the boy around, even if it means gazing into the sad, dead eyes.

BRENNAN

Forgive me...

He reaches out, grabs the boy's shoulder, twisting so that he turns.

BRENNAN'S POV--THE BOY'S FACE

looking up at him, the face white, the eyes glinting yellow. The boy is smiling.

BACK TO BRENNAN AND THE BOY

Brennan draws back the dagger, forces himself to stare into the eyes, sucks in a breath--

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the door flies open and a shaft of light illuminates the room. Brennan grunts as he is smashed to the floor; the dagger flies from his grasp; the dog goes for his throat. He reaches for the massive head, thumbs gouging at the eyes, his elbows pressing into its chest, then turns and holds on to the lower jaw with one hand. The dog shakes its head, the teeth dig into his hand. He yells out! A roar of pain as the beast pins him to the floor, shaking its head, its saliva dribbling into his face. Brennan reaches out for the dagger with his free hand. He finds it, grasps it, swings it up, and the dagger connects, scrapes through fur and gristle. The dog howls and falls away from him. Brennan brings his knees up to his chin and rolls, spinning against the foot of the cross, out from under the weight of the animal. He looks up as it comes for him again.

BRENNAN'S STRUGGLE--SEEN PAST THE BOY'S PROFILE

The boy is leaning forward, 'feeling' the struggle. The dog snaps at Brennan's throat, misses, and again Brennan strikes at the dog's throat. The thrust is good, but the force of

the blow dislodges the dagger from his grasp, and the dog collapses on him. There is a splintering sound, then a thud as the cross topples over and smashes. The dog is whimpering. Brennan kicks out, rolls to one side. The face of Christ stares at him, the effigy's body cracked along the spine from the fall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Brennan tries to struggle to his feet, and the boy slowly moves toward him. Again Brennan kicks out, and the dog moves, the dagger lodged in its shoulder. Brennan drags himself free, lies back against the cross, looking up at the boy.

THE BOY

(softly)

No help from the Nazarene now.

He is defeated, as you are.

And he pulls the dagger from the dog's shoulder, and leaps forward, half-falling on Brennan as he drives the knife at him. Brennan manages to turn just enough so that the dagger goes deeply into his shoulder, not his chest. He lets out a cry and rolls over, as if shielding his chest can protect his life, and the boy raises the dagger, slices down again, and the knife goes in high in Brennan's back, wounding him badly, but not killing him. The boy is about to strike again, when--

BUHER (O.S.)

Leave him!

The boy turns. Behind him, the wounded dog lurches up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Featuring Buher at the door of the chapel. His face is white, blood runs from stab wounds in his arms, his neck shows a wound, his hands are cut. He stares at the boy who still holds the dagger high.

BUHER

(holding out his hand)

Give that to me. Once and for all...

The boy rises from Brennan, takes a step, proffers the dagger. Buher takes it, bends to Brennan's briefcase, puts it in with the others. Then as the boy stands watching in amazement, Buher hangs the briefcase over one shoulder by its strap, goes to the embalmed body, kneels behind it and the delicate steel frame that supports it. He begins to unscrew the clamps that are fixed to the buttocks to hold the body upright.

THE BOY

What are you doing?

BUHER

His last request. At the moment of Armageddon. The final mockery.

CLOSE ON BRENNAN'S FACE

His eyes flicker open. He doesn't move. He breathes silently, in great pain, listening.

THE BOY (O.S.)

Request?

BUHER (O.S.)

He wanted to stand on the ground of his enemy at the final moment, to denounce him.

THREE SHOT

Brennan lies still. Buher, nearly dead of exhaustion his wounds, works at the clamps. The dog stands at the boy's heels. Doubt leaves the boy, his eyes glow, he smiles.

THE BOY

Yes, to the Desolate One, the final victory.

Buher looks up at him, the candlelight flickers on his white, white face.

BUHER

Bring the cross.

EXT. PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Two hundred yards from the west wing of the house, on a rise behind shrubbery which almost conceals it from view, stands a ruined church. Toward this struggle Buher and the boy. Buher carries the hollow corpse of Damien Thorn; the boy follows with the cross to which the effigy of Christ is still attached. The boy's face is scratched and bleeding from the crown of thorns. Rain ceaselessly falls, but not so heavy now. Thin, broken blades of lightning stab from the swollen sky, and thunder mutters.

INT. THE HALL--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

The front door is open, and a wind stirs Margaret's hair as she lies unconscious, a heavy silver candlestick by her face, (the weapon that subdued her) and George lies dead across her legs, the carving knife embedded in his neck.

EXT. THE CHURCH, NEAR THE DOOR--NIGHT

The boy hesitates, stands bent under the weight of the cross. He watches as Buher lays down the corpse on the muddy ground and begins to thump open the church door.

THE BOY

I can't go in there...

BUHER

It was your father's wish.

The boy starts backing away, his face flooding with fear.

THE BOY

I can't do it.

Buher pushes with all his strength on the door, and it gives, opens. He takes the corpse by the hands, starts pulling it into the church.

CLOSE ON THE BOY

Looking O.S., mouth open, seeing--

BUHER

dragging Damien Thorn's body into the church.

BACK TO THE BOY

A terrible thought suddenly explodes in his mind. He screams out--

THE BOY

Paul!

He throws the cross aside, starts running.

INT. THE CHURCH--NIGHT

Buher has pulled the body in, hears the boy shouting O.S. He leaves the body, hurries back to the door, slams it shut, starts thumping at the rusted bolt to slam it into place.

BUHER

Please. Please, God!

THE BOY (O.S.)

Come out of there! I know what you're
doing!

The bolt screeches into place as --

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH --NIGHT

The boy throws himself against the door with his full
weight, screaming--

THE BOY

Buher!

He begins pounding at the door, hurling himself against
it time and again.

INT. THE CHURCH--NIGHT

Buher drags the corpse by the heels along the nave.

THE BOY (O.S.)

Let me in!

Then Buher can hear the boy's pounding footsteps as he
begins running around the building, scrabbling at the
walls like a rat.

THE BOY

Buher! Remember who I am!

Reaching the altar, Buher clasps his arms around the chest
of the corpse. He heaves it upright, lets it drop, the
skull smashing against stone.

CLOSE ON THE BOY --OUTSIDE THE CHURCH--NIGHT

beating on the wall. He is in agony.

THE BOY

Buher!

INT. THE CHURCH--WITH BUHER

He slips the leather strap of the briefcase from his

shoulder, scatters the daggers on ground. Then he turns the corpse over onto its back. There is the crash of leaded glass, and the boy is outside a small window, trying to pull himself into the church, but he is too large for it.

THE BOY

I am your master! My father lives
in me!

Buher gets the corpse onto the altar. He bends, picks up the first dagger.

THE BOY

(pleading now)

Don't, please--

Buher looks down at the corpse.

BUHER

You promised control, Damien, but
through your son you brought destruction...

THE BOY

Buher!!

BUHER

You took our souls, only to betray us!

He raises the dagger in both hands and brings it down, his eyes tightly closed. The skin cracks with a sound like a gunshot. The boy screams!

INT. DRAWING ROOM--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Margaret, her eyes springing open, screams out, too. She looks in horror at the the body lying across her.

CLOSE ON THE BOY AT THE CHURCH WINDOW

Screaming.

NOW ALTERNATE SHOTS OF BUHER AND THE BOY

as Buher drives in one dagger after another, and as each blade pierces Damien, the boy screams, his voice changing in pitch until it becomes the howl of a jackal.

ON BUHER

One dagger remains. Buher looks at the figure of Christ on the hilt, crosses himself. He raises the dagger, drives it into the stomach of the corpse. Thorn sighs.

ON THE BOY

Sagging, falling away from the window.

WITH BUHER AND THE CORPSE

He breathes raspingly, sways as he looks at the daggers planted in the body in the shape of a cross. He half-faints, closing his eyes, desperately seeking strength.

ON BUHER--VERY CLOSE

Breathing long, harsh breaths, struggling for air, his face twisted in pain. O.S. there is a low, frightening growl of despair from Damien--and when Buher opens his eyes--

BUHER AND THE CORPSE

The body of Damien has disintegrated, the daggers lie scattered amongst a pile of bleached bones. Buher gets to his feet, makes the sign of the cross over the skeleton with the skull and jawbone of a jackal. He turns, starts to move toward the door of the church--when a river of pain surges through him from his overtaxed heart--and he falls, first to his knees, then forward onto his face.

EXT. THE CHAPEL--NIGHT

The boy sits on the muddy ground. His body is limp, twisted; he stares with the unseeing eyes of the mentally dead. The dog lies lifeless beside him.

INT. THE CHAPEL--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

Margaret, freed from her 'possession,' holds Brennan in her arms. She is weeping as she strokes his face. His eyes are open, he manages to get an arm up to her, places it against her cheek.

BRENNAN

It's all right...all right.

INT. THE KITCHEN--PEREFORD HOUSE--NIGHT

On a table near a window, a radio is on. Through the window we can SEE that the storm has ended. The black clouds have been swept away, and the moon is beginning to pour cold light down on the scene.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

...the Middle East lies devastated by the bombs, but the conflict has ended. The great powers have resisted engaging in combat...in a broadcast earlier, the Archbishop of Canterbury called upon all men and all women of all faiths pray for lasting peace. 'Armageddon has come, he said, 'and the world has survived. Let us offer up thanks.'

CAMERA IS HIGH ABOVE PEREFORD HOUSE

looking down on the scene bathed in cold moonlight.
A CRAWL begins:

CRAWL

'And I saw an angel come down from
heaven, having the key of the bottomless
pit and a great chain in his hand.

And he laid hold on the dragon, that
old serpent which is the Devil, and Satan,
and bound him in a thousand years, and
cast him into the bottomless pit, and
shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that
he should deceive the nations no more,
till the thousand years should be
fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed
a little season.

REVELATION 20:1-3

FADE OUT

THE END